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TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CHARLES LAPWORTH

EDITOR

SWISS EDITOR'S PLEA FOR JUSTICE

EXPRESSIONS in congress and in the press which cast suspicion upon Switzerland's neutrality are denounced as unfounded and offensive to that gallant little country, which, perched upon its mountain plains, has been a clearing house for distressed humanity since the war began. Small as Switzerland is in territory and numbers, she is the oldest of republics, the most ancient of democracies, and Mr. Wilson's fine statement of the principles upon which we stand and for which we must fight but echo the sentiments dear to the hearts of the Swiss people, if it is stoutly averred. Jumping to the conclusion that because she buys more wheat from America than in the years before the war Switzerland is clandestinely feeding Germany is keenly resented by the editor of the Journal de Geneve, who, in a communication to the New York Times, outlines the position of his country that is convincing as well as exalting.

According to this writer, the hardships and sacrifices of neutrality have been made with a devotion to the rights of all peoples that cannot be questioned. America has always been the source of supply of one-third of the wheat used by Switzerland, which is only able to raise enough for bread for three months of the year. The remainder she purchases from Russia and Rumania, both of which markets are closed to her now; so that, of necessity, she must receive all her wheat from America or starve. To cut off the supply would be inhuman, if the situation is correctly stated. Surrounded on all sides by belligerent and powerful nations, she has patiently submitted to the restrictions put upon her trade by the allies, and did not hesitate to protest to Germany against the blockade, which puts the neutral countries in peril. These are the negative things, but the active list is much longer. Through the committee of the Red Cross in Geneva an agency for prisoners of war was established, which locates internes on each side and puts them in communication with their families. This kindly service, like the similar work done by the king of Spain, is carried on by volunteer workers to the number of 1,200 in Geneva alone. From 1,500 to 25,000 letters are received every day. The federal government sends, free of postage or transportation charges, all correspondence and all packages. There have been thousands of bales of food and clothing, and 22,000,000 pounds of bread, made from their own scant provision of flour, sent to the allied prisoners in Germany.

This has meant life itself to the recipients. They have also made exchanges of civil prisoners, caught in the different countries at the outbreak of hostilities, and including many women and children. These exchanges numbered 205,450 in the first seven months of the war. There is a society, too, for the protection of young girls who have been separated from their families. Also, Switzerland has brought about the exchange of the grievously wounded and mutilated prisoners, returning them to their homes, rescuing them from prison pens and hospitals. There are, besides these transients, 30,000 prisoners of all nationalities, in ill health, who are being nursed back to strength. Refugees from northern France to the number of 120,000 have been fed and clothed and given medical aid. These are the benevolences of a small nation, compelled to import through allied territory, closely regulated, all the raw materials of her intensive industrial life as well as the food necessary

to sustain her life. The redacteur of the Journal de Geneve makes out a strong case and if it is fully substantiated congress cannot fail to do justice to this valiant little people.

LEANING ON A BROKEN REED

DELIBERATE disregard of historical truth is about the last thing to which David Starr Jordan would knowingly lend himself, and yet the American Union Against Militarism, to which he gives his name, has been guilty of this offense. It published in a pamphlet the text of a speech delivered by Daniel Webster in congress in 1814 against the draft. This might be permitted, but to say that it is the speech of "the ablest constitutional lawyer in congress," and overlook the fact that Webster himself grew ashamed of it and did not allow it to be printed with his published works, is not presenting the matter in its true proportion. C. H. Van Tyne, editor of the "Letters of Daniel Webster," resents, and properly, the misuse of the document. The speech was made when Webster was a green young politician, fresh from New England, which was bitterly opposed to the war. He was making a speech to please his constituents. Mr. Van Tyne says: "Had there arisen a war in which his section was vitally interested he would have made a plea for conscription that would have made the very stones of New England to rise and register." He had not come to the great time of his career, and he changed his mind so entirely upon the subject of draft that he refused to have his speech reprinted in the Congressional Record and never included it in any collection of his printed words. The Union Against Militarism is reduced to hard straits for arguments to uphold its theories when it has to resort to dead men's repudiated juvenilities. Pacifist talk now is as lacking in force as discoursing on the dodo; the "dove of peace" is its first cousin, and they are both deceased. Mr. Van Tyne calls Dr. Jordan's complete blindness, as to the effects of his mad campaign of pacifism, one of the addest tragedies of our time. For good or ill we are at war; all argument about that is futile. What is left to do is to transmute the terrors and sacrifices into honor and safety for mankind.

NO INHIBITION ON PLATINUM

NOT long ago the statement was made that the federal government had requested women to refrain from the purchase or use of platinum jewelry. The impression sought to be conveyed was that platinum was needed for the production of war munitions. Investigation has shown that the government is not in dire need of platinum, but has a stock on hand sufficient for all purposes. Moreover, there is available from domestic stocks in the hands of dealers in platinum, and others, considerable quantities of the metal which can be acquired by the government or by makers of acids or chemicals whenever needed. The government, it is authoritatively stated by Secre-

tary Redfield, of the department of commerce, is asking for no restriction of the use of platinum in jewelry further than the jewelry trade has voluntarily given. In view of the tendency to discourage purchases of jewelry composed of platinum, in whole or in part, which the earlier report was calculated to have on the patriotic men and women of the country, it seems only fair to the investing jewelers, having bought their stock in good faith, to give publicity to the government's disclaimer. Just why the unsupported story was started and what interest was to be served by disseminating the misleading statement is not apparent. The Jewelers' Vigilance Committee is to be commended for running the canard to earth in the manner it has. With the knowledge that the government is well stocked at home and has access to supplies abroad, if a shortage should occur, the loyal citizen, man or woman, need not hesitate, on patriotic grounds, to invest in the precious metal.

GRAPHITES

A local editor is relieved to think that the United States is not to be "disastrously submerged under a deluge of gold." Most of us have long held that great wealth was injurious to the character of—the other fellow.

* * *

Mexico's position in the world war is not so clear, but there is no doubt where Cuba stands. President Menocal in his inaugural proclamation, marking the beginning of his second term in office, emphasizes the sympathy of Cuba with the United States in a war against Germany which he had primarily expressed by a declaration of war. As for Carranza, he remains the riddle of the Latin-American states.

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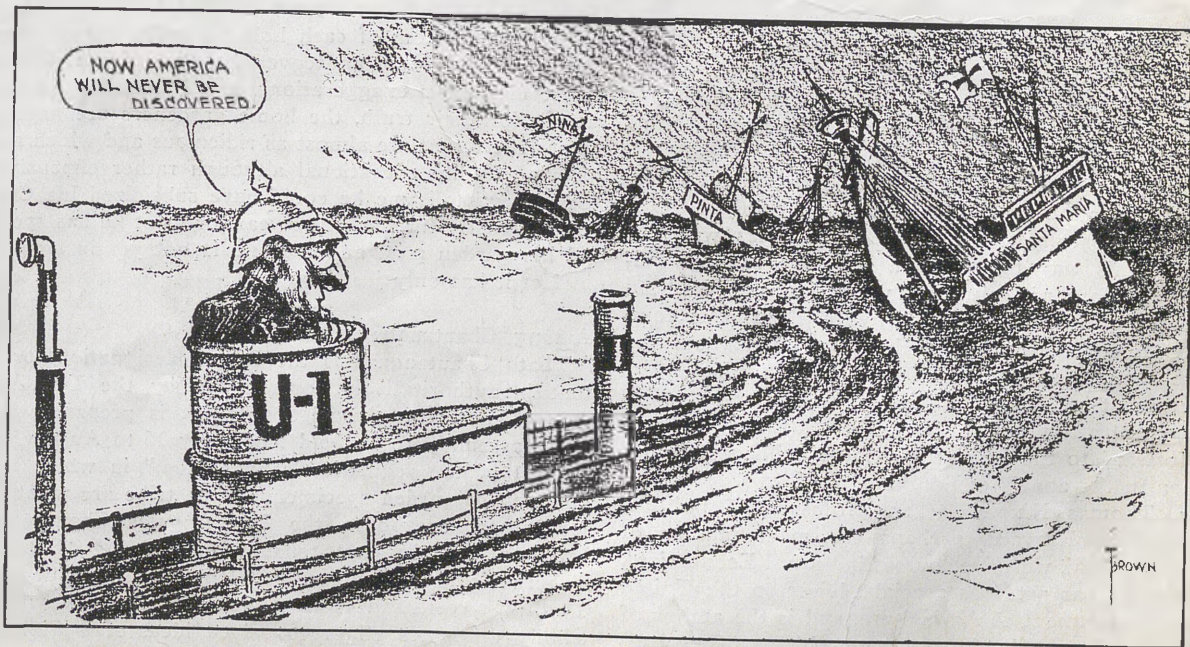
Why should Sweden continue to chafe? The German minister at Stockholm has expressed the deepest regret at the sinking of the three Swedish steamers in the Gulf of Bothnia recently, in which several lives were lost. Surely, Sweden is now appeased.

* * *

Help! Next year's war bill, that is, the year ending June 30, 1918, will approximate five billion one hundred million dollars, announces Chairman Fitzgerald, of the house appropriations committee. Why these trivial fractions?

* * *

At last she is discovered! The "perfect woman." According to a conference of teachers from girls' schools in England, she is forty, married and the mother of five children. She lives in the country, has, of course, good taste in clothes and house furnishings and is sensible and businesslike, a delightful companion, a dear friend, patriotic and religious. She is athletic, not a bluestocking, practical in her learning rather than pedantic. Can use a typewriter, speaks three languages, is fond of gardening and has knowledge of the gentler crafts. A sort of Mrs. Admirable Crichton, it would appear. Here, wake up!



HIS FATAL OMISSION

—N. Y. Tribune



The Departed Dice

On the day that the dice went into the discard there appeared above the cigar stand in a downtown hotel in Los Angeles a beautiful wreath in memoriam. It was placed there with a sigh by one customer who had long loved the dear bones, and others who had used them as a means toward obtaining Corona-Coronas sighed in unison on observing this touching tribute to the double-six. The morality of the city since the new ordinance took effect is so remarkable that it is contemplated canceling the impending visit of William Sunday. We are all feeling so mighty good as a result of Mrs. Vox Populi's praiseworthy attempts to reform us by ballot. Nevertheless let it be admitted by all honest throwers of the dice that it is an ill reform that doesn't do some good: some of the money that would have passed over the green baize has already been invested in Liberty Bonds.

Every Borrower Helped

If the present issue of the Liberty Loan is subscribed, it will mean that the United States has been able to raise two billion dollars for use in prosecuting the war, at an interest rate as low as 3½%. This compares with the 5% and 5½% loans which other belligerent nations have been forced to pay on their internal loans.

On two billion dollars, yearly interest charges at 3½% amount to \$70,000,000. A 5% rate on two billion dollars would involve interest charges of \$100,000,000, a difference in the United States' favor of \$30,000,000 a year.

Interest rates on all borrowings by corporations or individuals, either in the form of notes or mortgage bonds, will be immediately affected hereafter by the interest rate which the United States must pay on its war loans. The lower the United States bond rate, the lower will be the general interest rate, on all forms of loans in the United States.

Therefore, it is to the interest of every corporation and every individual borrower in the United States to do his part to help over-subscribe the Liberty Loan, and thus hold down to a minimum the interest rate he must pay on all his borrowings—for a long time to come.

The Man Who Shall Explain

Kenneth C. Adams, president of the newspapermen's Club of San Francisco, writes me that the club has been asked by the Red Cross War Council, the Western Committee of which is headed by John B. Miller, of Los Angeles, to recommend a publicity man to handle the coming campaign for the Hundred Million donation to the National Red Cross. They have named Stuart G. Masters, who has had a variety of experience in this and other lines of publicity. He has taken active charge, and we are all urged to give the heartiest co-operation in making this important patriotic movement the success it must be.

From Louvain to Los Angeles

With U. S. C.'s largest commencement a thing of the past, the University is looking forward to the largest and most brilliant summer session in the annals of Southern California.

When the Germans invaded Belgium, the University of Louvain ceased to exist almost overnight. One of its foremost professors, Dr. Leon Dupriez, was able to make his way to America, and was eagerly welcomed by Harvard University, where he has since been professor of International Law. Dr. Dupriez is coming to Los Angeles, and will lecture throughout the entire summer session at U. S. C. on "Parliamentary Government in Europe." With U. S. C.'s largest commencement a thing of the past, the University is looking forward to the largest and most brilliant summer session in the annals of Southern California.

Dr. Thomas Nixon Carver, professor of political economy at Harvard, perhaps the most famous of U. S. C. alumni, will give courses in "Rural Economics." Dr. Carver has acted as special adviser to the United States Department of Agriculture, and is the author of many well-known books on the problems of agricultural life.

Ways Leading to Glory

DeWitt C. Jennings, who will be one of the Morosco cast in the coming week, has just been notified by the collector of the port of New York, Dudley Field Malone, that he (Jennings) has been appointed a special deputy collector. The appointment and the badge, which Jennings is wearing on his vest, came by mail last Thursday. It seems that Jennings has played the part of an inspector in so many New York plays that his life long friend, Senator O. Gorham, father-in-law of Collector Dudley Field Malone, suggested to the latter that he make Jennings a special deputy.

California Out Of Doors

Much of the advertising of today is of such artistic and informative character that it is quite worthy of preservation, and no class of advertisers puts out more classy and interesting stuff than the railroads of the country. Among the recent attractive brochures that has challenged my attention is one issued by the Southern Pacific Company, dilating upon the beauties and recreational features of California and titled "California Out of Doors." In introducing the manifold attractions of the state in cities, mountains, lakes, beaches and various resorts the writer says rather tritely but truthfully, "The proof of a climate is the testing. Out-of-doors enthusiasts have as keen weather eyes as have forecasters. For more than threescore years they have been testing the climate of California, analyzing its adaptability for their pleasant purposes; all California has been their laboratory. Is not their composite judgment, then, entitled to a place of highest authority?" Which is that California is ideal for activities in the open air all the year round. This is true not only of restricted localities, continues the writer, but of the state as a whole. And having said this, he takes one on a junketing trip up and down the state in pen pictures of graphic and well-turned character and exceptionally well chosen and clearly photographed illustrations in generous quantity. It is almost in the nature of a guide book.

Charlie Chaplin's Artistic Bent

It develops that Charlie Chaplin was not lightly smitten last winter with the charms of Terpsichore, while our Russian friends, Nijinsky, Lopokova and the other members of the Russian Ballet were in our midst. At that time it was noted that he was a regular and attentive attendant upon the performances and we have been looking for an announcement of the opening of the Chaplin Ballet school, or a screaming screen parody of the great pantomime dance affair. But as yet there has been no sign. That is, until the coming of Prince Paul Troubetzkoy and his exhibit of sculpture at Exposition Park. And now we know that Charlie has not gone back on his love of the past winter season for it is announced that he has purchased an attractive figure,—of Isadore Duncan, the famous dancer, from that exhibit.

Munchausen Garden Tales

As a result of the gardening movement so popular these days some "whales" of stories are going the rounds as to the experiences of the home gardeners. Here are two Munchausen ones that are being passed about. One enthusiastic gardener planted "for immediate results." It has developed since that he planted two pounds of asparagus seed in a plot twenty by thirty-two feet, sufficient for a large area. And it will be two, possibly three years, before he gets a crop. Two other men, digging what an experienced farmer thought were post-holes to erect fences, showed that they were planting corn. The holes were twenty-eight inches deep, and at the bottom of each hole an entire ear of corn was carefully placed and covered with fertilizer. While these may seem exaggerations, and I certainly do not vouch for their truth, the home gardeners are having experiences that are almost as ridiculous and which are proving highly educational although rather expensive. One friend tells me he could have subsidized his Chinese huckster for the entire year for what he has spent on his garden plot, and the end is not yet in sight—in fact it has only just begun.

Among Chautauqua Attractions

That "Chautauqua" is the Indian designation for a tent is authoritatively contradicted by the Los Angeles Chautauqua Association which is preparing for a big assembly to be held from July 16 to August 18. In lieu of the regulation canvas "top," in which the common or garden specimens of the tribe are wont to foregather hereabouts, the Los Angeles Chautauqua has annexed the first tenancy of the big "Sunday Tabernacle" now being erected on Grand Avenue and Twelfth street, and is announcing a program which wholly dissipates all preconceived ideas of a California Chautauqua Assembly. The ever entrancing and

popular Mme. Schumann-Heink is named for two concerts. Charles Wakefield Cadman will put on two more, in which Mme. Jeanne Jomelli and other singers will feature new songs of his own and his new Song Cycle, "The Morning of the Year." Mme. Mariska Aldrich, Mme. Hesse-Sprotta, Mme. Helen Thorner, Cecil Fanning, Jerome Uhl and a number of other operatic and concert favorites are also engaged for various soirees musicales which promise a season of song such as Los Angeles has never before even aspired to enjoy. Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford, Dr. Charles F. Aked, Bishop Bell, Dr. Baumgardt, Rabbi Martin Meyer, and scores of others as widely varying in their genius as Florence Kelley of the National Consumer's League and Father Ricard, the wonderful astronomer-meteorologist who prognosticates the world's weather months ahead of schedule by studying the sunspots from his observatory in Santa Clara, are among the intellectual treats offered.

In Diplomatic Service

Another of President Wilson's diplomatic appointees, known to local circles, who is making good is David R. Francis, ambassador to Russia. About him I have heard many interesting things that clearly indicate that he is first class diplomatic timber whose success is but a natural concomitant of one to diplomatic circles born. A natural orator, he finds in the turmoil of the revolution the opportunity of his life to display his talents, and, according to Charles R. Crane, who is on the spot, he is making the most of it in incessant appeals to the people. An ambassador who can steady, inspire and direct democratically a nation of such potentialities in this crisis may not be a courtier, although Mr. Francis is not deficient in that respect, but never before has he done any stump speaking that promised greater results.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

HE dramatized version of Arnold Bennett's well-known book, "Buried Alive," will be presented at Clune's Pasadena Theater, Tuesday evening, June 26, by the Thalia Club of Pasadena.

The personnel of this clever and entertaining play will include a number of prominent society folk of both Los Angeles and Pasadena. The event should attract a large audience, not merely because of its own merit, but for the added reason that it is given for the purpose of raising money for the Pasadena Day Nursery and the Pasadena Free Dispensary, both deserving charities. The performance will be open to the public at the price of \$1.00 a ticket. Thalia Club members will be admitted on their regular membership cards with no extra charge, but any guest tickets will be \$1.00 each. Seats on sale at Southern California Edison Co., Colorado Street, Pasadena.

The committees are:

Properties: Mrs. T. P. Phillips, Mrs. W. H. Evans.
Costumes: Mrs. H. H. Sinclair.
Stage and Scenery: Mrs. Maud R. Drummond, Mrs. Frank Carpenter, Mrs. Charles Eaton.
Rehearsals: Mrs. Frank Badgley.
Sale of Tickets: Mrs. John E. Jardine.
Selection of Hall: Mrs. Guy McComb.
Decoration of Hall: Mrs. Robert Pitcairn.
Ushers and Programs: Mrs. Desaix B. Myers.
Publication: Mrs. Arthur Clifford, Mrs. Laurence Burck, Mrs. Robert Frick, Mrs. Howard Huntington.
Prompter: Mrs. Isabelle Bate Winslow.
Director: Mr. Reginald Pole.

Actors: Mrs. William Brackenridge, leading part, Mrs. Murray Bartlett, Miss Theresa Cloud, Mrs. Clarence Hoblitzell, Mrs. Frank Badgley, Mr. Paul Pitner, Mr. Michael Howard, Mr. Samuel Hines, Mr. Andrew White, Mr. Ormsby Phillips, Mr. John Earle Jardine, Mr. Thaddeus Lowe, Mr. Seward Simons, Jr.

WIDOWHOOD

Forever let me walk in darkness only,
The sunlight mocks me like a baby's smile;
But shadows are a widow's veil that shroud me,
I lean against the blackness of the night.
And let the drenching rain descend on me
For only can the tears of Heaven wash
Away my tears. Let sea sweep over me
For deep within its heart is sobbing moan
That answers mine. Let icy night wind tear
With clutching fingers at my bare, bruised breast
That racking death-pangs torturing may ease
The agony of desolated life.

—LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

Newspaper heading:—"Baker Does It With A Homer."

No, dearie! You guessed wrong! This refers not to the Secretary of War, but to New York's famous third baseman.

A Peer Gynt of Today

By Norman du Vinage

A BROAD brimmed hat with a rather offhand tilt and encircled by a loose pugaree, covers the braincase of Frederick B. Bennett, writer, traveler, scientist and what not, who has come to Los Angeles with a tremendous fund of knowledge, experience and singular insight into life to spend it in the field of the Film Art, which he declares to be his ultimate province.

From Spitzbergen to Terra del Fuego, from Greenwich around to Greenwich again, via every civilized or uncivilized country, he has accumulated more diversified, and still thorough, knowledge and acquaintance of life's multitudinous phases than few, if any other, men living.

From functioning as the Secretary to a Viceroy down to serving before the mast on hurricane tossed tank steamers, from delving in the mysteries of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh; in the legends of Atlantis; to spectro-physical research of the distant stars, or the realm of diatoms or other micro-organic life, Bennett has turned the smallest stone, gone to the farthest extremes for but one purpose—that of seeing the world and learning its life.

The itemized account of the life of the average traveler, explorer or student would not fill a single page of the memory book of Frederick Balfour Bennett. Few would believe that the rather jovial looking man who saunters down Broadway at noon every day, carrying a straight white Malacca cane with a wrist strap, rather kewpie-form in stature, attired with a careful carelessness, is fully as much at home in the fastnesses of Borneo as in the reaches of the South African Veldt, or the Underworld of Chicago, Port Said or Rangoon.

But so it seems. Bennett holds the earth in his hand, so to speak, and the remarkable thing about it is that, although he does not claim to speak the proverbial seven languages that most men take credit for as soon as they can order a dinner in French or tell a German to go to blazes, Bennett seems to be at home in conversational capacity with any man of any nation or tribe. Had he been at the Tower of Babel he would have been the superintendent of the Emigration.

"After all," he says, "mileage and Baedekers do not make travelers. To see life," he contends, "is not to loll on the platform of an observation car, or to sit in the comfy chairs of the dining rooms of The Seriramis at Cairo, or the Victoria at Sidney."

"If you ask me the way to know the world," he said, when a representative for The Graphic cornered him in his office the other day, "I can give but one advice and that is: to learn life is best accomplished by living the life of as many types, classes and varieties of men as your short span on earth permits, and this, with a foundation and an almost all-encompassing knowledge and acquaintance of things—gives one an X-ray view of life."

And, verily, it seems that Bennett has the Roentgen penetration of things. Most persons merely look at a thing. Bennett looks through, over, above, under, around and beyond it.

He sees the romance of penmaking, while the pen lets flow his thoughts.

While most men smoke to sustain a process of combustion and to raise a reek, Bennett smokes a cigar or cigarets of the very leaves of which he knows the romance and method of growing, marketing and rolling.

An oriental rug is to him an epitome of romance, Persian sociology, conquest and evolution, and not merely something that costs \$855.92.

And still he despises the human cyclopedia. To The Graphic man he said, after proffering a cigarette with the famous revenue stamps of Macedonia and Egypt: "There is no use stowing away in one's brain matters that can be referred to in printed books. The things that take us out of the ordinary and into the realms of Paradise or Hell on earth, or that reveal to us how wonderful everything is, and yet emphasizes the paradoxical fact that really nothing is wonderful, are the great things that make life worth while."

It is for that reason that Bennett considered it necessary to begin the apprenticeship in life's school with a knowledge of the physical details of the flora and fauna of the world, later the great terrestrial and celestial economies. Then, after knowing the material side, he felt it was easier to cope with the metaphysical and the mental.

After a few years of private tutorage in his early English home Bennett ran away. In fact he was a fugitive, he believed. He thought himself responsible for the death of his sister. From a home of affluence and formality, he found himself, at the age of twelve, hiding in the coal sheds of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His childish, but already scholarly, mind was wracked with

fear. Every human being approaching the docks was believed to be a Scotland Yard detective.

Then hunger made him seek food from the galley of a coal steamer. The cook needed a scullery boy, and to Argentina was his first voyage.

When yellow fever took the cook young Bennett became responsible for the commissariat. The trumper, after quarantine, steamed for Norway.

In that country of sagas and romance, of majestic, natural splendor, and the spirit of Ibsen, Bjornsen and Grieg, Bennett began to pass the years that saw him grow from boy to man.

At the University of Christiana he was soon recognized as a prodigy, later he met and became a protege,



Frederick Balfour Bennett

in a way, of Ibsen and Grieg. Finally got the sea fever of the Northland.

It was his lot to deliver the welcome address to Fridtjof Nansen, when this famous explorer returned from Greenland.

Bennett passed his vacations in clippers or merchantmen. Then came the lure of the U. S. A.

With six thousand dollars he came to this country. He figured that he could live six years on that, a la Micawber, and when the proper thing turned up he would pounce upon it; instead his six thousand was pounced upon.

Affable friends induced him to buy a tract of land, which, according to the best of his memory, "included the major portion of the State of Illinois, to say nothing of a slice of Tennessee or Texas, or some other state."

The first dollar he actually earned, after this rather unprofitable land deal, he still retains in his pocket. He is proud of the dog-eared, patched paper dollar and the fact that he never has had to spend it, although it has been out of his possession twice in twenty-four years, but recovered each time in a romantic manner.

It was given to him by the head of a famous Philadelphia saw-making concern for his "butting-in" and criticizing the exhibit. It cut him to his artistic heart to see how they failed to get the best results out of a mass of beautiful, damasked steel, and long, graceful bandsaw blades. And he said so. Result: He became consultant, and later an assistant director of

exhibits, so at the close of the World's Fair he had \$8,000 in the bank.

Then, accidentally, he became a cub reporter. He was fired from a Chicago paper, he says, because "he preferred work on space and get about thirty dollars a week instead of being promoted to a steady salary of eight."

Then came the famous case where a sausage maker made sausages of his wife. A small bone, the sesamoid, and a gold wedding ring were not destroyed by the process of the sausage mill. Bennett was a zoologist and made good on the story.

Then he decided to free lance it at the Turkish Armenian war, and landed at Trieste with full equipment, a lot of ambition and hope the very day the war ended. And, as Peer Gynt, the allegorical youth of Norway's mountains, Bennett was again at sea, in several more ways than one.

So, to South America for a spell and across to Australia, hence to Manila, forthwith to Japan and Korea; then his first notion of Egypt, but at this time the pyramid did not get its influence in.

He established several branches of a famous school of languages throughout the Orient.

He walked, elephanted, doolied or dampanned from city to village, from Dak to 'pore—sometimes Cawn-pore, Seharanpore, Jodipore, yes, and later to Singapore. From Candy to Simla, and from Kandahar to the Ganges he honeycombed India.

How did he live? He says he "blacksmithed it" for British and other weeklies and magazines.

Incidentally he visited Verkoiansk, the largest city in the world without any railroad communication, then he jumped across Siberia and returned to Norway, via the upper coasts of Nova Semlia and Nordkyn Straits, then back to the United States and, by the way, meeting the sister, whom he believed to be dead.

After that he was in turn a bookbinder during the bookbinders' strike, a stationary engineer, a promoter, an amateur fencer of note, a dilettant tenor and painter, but always writing, writing. But for years he was buried. He wrote and reported for the great dailies of several lands, without signing his name.

Then he became interested in medicine and surgery, took a few degrees—B. A., W. A., M. D., and developed into a hairsplitting anatomist with an ultra advanced knowledge of theory, practice and general technique of X-ray work.

He went through the Boer campaign as a correspondent, later a fighting surgeon, and after the war he became a maritime correspondent on the Clyde, the cradle of Scotland's mercantile fleet.

Then Canada, the Great Northwest, fitting back now and then to his principal obsession, the Great Pyramid. And so on: in constant procession the scenes changed and Bennett traveled with his analytical eye and absorbing mind. And all in one young life that has as yet not seen forty.

To the humdrum humans of the routine life it would seem almost impossible that one life and one brain could encompass so many facts, places and phases, even in a superficial manner. And then to think of the fact that Bennett delved as he went, and learned as he delved.

In Korea he witnessed the great massacre trial of the murderers of Capt. Brandon, formerly of the Cape Mounted Police.

In the Elbe he was on board the S. S. Jupiter when she struck the S. S. Sultan of Hull and broke up in the fog and ice off Cuxhafen.

He was on the S. S. Rappahannock of the Chesapeake and Ohio Line, as she was nearly cut in two and sank in the fog off Holyhead breakwater, and so on and so forth. In "so on and so forth" must a multitude of episodes be enclosed, because it would take volumes to continue.

He is at present writing a science-drama serial for Helen Holmes, and has just finished his latest seven-reel scenario for Mary MacLaren, entitled, "A Daughter of the Well Dressed Poor."

Solely on his merit, because of his tremendous foundation of actual knowledge, it is believed that Bennett is becoming one of the big brains of the film art.

"Whom do you regard as the most interesting man in Los Angeles?" was a question put to him in parting.

One could almost see him gaze, correctly by the compass, in the direction of South Africa, as he replied: "J. P. MacGowan, formerly the daredevil of Montmorency's Scouts, now the husband-director of Helen Holmes; the man, by the way, who was usually ahead

(Continued on Page 4)

Broadway to Broadway--"What Next"

By Pearl Rall

IS THIS vacation time for Oliver Morosco? Perhaps so—according to blase Broadway New Yorkers who know he has come to the West Coast for the summer. But if so, it's a tremendously strenuous holiday, for according to the certain knowledge of many Los Angelans he is one of the busiest men in seven states just now "passing time" in rehearsals, consultations with a large and active corps of assistants and fulfilling business appointments while vibrating between his home, the Little Theater, where "What Next" is rapidly taking motion and shape and color, and his office on our own little old Broadway.

As to securing an audience with this popular young theatrical producer-manager, it is like arranging for a presentation at court. No foreign potentate is more effectually guarded. Those fortunate ones, or hopeful ones, who really have any necessary business or an interesting bit of intelligence for his personal attention (and a previously arranged appointment), wait patiently in the anteroom—I never called when there were not several there—the more friendly disposed ones exchanging commentaries on the latest play, the New York season or such matter of gossip as the clock prodigally ticks off the precious time. Those less socially inclined, with inscrutable faces, watch the passing show indifferently. A young griffin, calloused to comedy, tragedy and stormy weather generally, presides at the phone and over the assembled humble throng. Even I felt duly impressed, awed and fearful. Here was a great man in our midst.

But like most men, in the public eye who really have claim to any greatness of achievement Mr. Morosco is most approachable and humanly magnetic. In fact by way of opening our acquaintance he introduced me to a box of satin dancing slippers of various dainty hues just received. Talk about the troubles of a poor married man! Well, I judge they are as nothing compared to toggling out a chorus of "peaches" like the one in—say, "What Next." But I'll also wager the gentleman is a first class judge of nifty feminine apparel, both on the stage and off. That's one of the secrets of his success.

For another, Mr. Morosco is a developer of latent young talent. In this his recent experience at least has been somewhat similar to that of Stuart Walker of Portmanteau Theater fame; for that man or woman who has been picked out of obscurity and given a chance for proving reason for the faith and vision within him is always a grateful and full-power worker. And Mr. Morosco has quite a galaxy of stars twinkling going down one or two nights a week to care for business there. He was the youngest manager in the business at the time; and at nineteen he was treasurer, press agent and several other officials under his father's managerial regime in San Francisco.

"Folks in Los Angeles seemed to want the best. They liked 'Madame Sans Gene' and so I remained. Los Angeles is in a class by itself: the audiences here are remarkable in their responsiveness, which actually inspires one to do big things. This is ab-

solutely a producing center of really phenomenal runs. There was 'So Long Letty,' which ran thirteen weeks; 'Canary Cottage,' nine weeks; 'The Brat,' ten weeks; 'Bird of Paradise,' which by the way served to introduce me to Broadway, New York, some time ago, running here for seven weeks and 'Peg,' which is the biggest success to my knowledge in fifty years, also



OLIVER MOROSCO
California's Managerial Napoleon

was a record breaker. And these might have ran longer had not bookings called for other plans."

Again, in common with Stuart Walker, Mr. Morosco is an iconoclast, which is another reason for his great success. "Because things have been done a certain way for any length of time is no reason for believing there is no other equally excellent or better way of doing it," he claims. "Why, when 'The Brat' was offered to New York it refused the play because of Maude Fulton, who, by the way, is one of the very brainiest of little women. Why? Simply because they insisted in the theatrical firmament of New York who grew up under his tutelage. That's what makes the dear old Burbank almost like a whispering gallery of fame to any one who knows anything of its history."

It was here Mr. Morosco began his independent bid for fame, opening with "Madame Sans Gene," long, long ago. He was then only a youngster—though

probably rather "big feelin'd." In fact he acknowledges having been "like most conceited boys," for he then thought he knew much more about the theatrical game than his father for whom he was working in a San Francisco theater. However, he had some excuse for feeling thus, for at sixteen he was overseeing the destinies of a theater at San Jose, one of their own Broadway stars whom they knew should be in the part; regardless of the fact that she was eminently suited to the role and had pleased the West Coast immensely. It must have been quite a jolt to Broadway to have to recognize thirteen new unknown actors and actresses in one season, for that was the number I introduced. And they liked every one of them. They all made records. But Los Angeles is on the map now for a while, for they have found recently that many of their 'discoveries' are Los Angeles products—many from the little old Burbank, too."

Locally, Mr. Morosco controls the destinies of a young string of theaters. Beginning modestly with the Burbank, he built the Morosco on Broadway, and he has an interest in both the Majestic and Mason also. Experiencing difficulty in securing a theater in New York he built his own house, the Morosco, there and is now building another in that eastern metropolis. On his way west a few weeks ago he arranged for a theater in Chicago, in the Loop district; and London, admitting of ease in theatrical leases, he has not yet felt a desire to build there although he has become a factor through "Peg," and is planning many other campaigns to the English affections.

The purchase of "The Fugitive" did not mean a departure to heavier drama, as I had rather supposed. "What the public wants, and really should have in such times as these are the lighter plays. They pay better and, after all, serve a useful purpose. But I like to take a 'flier' once in a while at a play for the mere pleasure of seeing what I can do with it and of feeling the public pulse," he explained. "I may give it while I am here. But the time is short and there is much to try in that time."

The program referred to includes: first, "Lombardi, Ltd.," by the Hattons, featuring Leo Carrillo, a local boy. He will characterize Tido, an Italian dress-maker. Then comes "Pamela," an English play, featuring Eleanor Painter, Morosco's new "find." Following this will witness "That Day," an Anspacher play, featuring Emily Stevens, who will also be seen in the next production, "Walk Offs." The latter is another Hatton creation and is said to be wonderfully funny. Certainly the little incident giving it a name is tremendously so. "The Skeleton," by Frederick Truesdell, a Chicago newspaper man is next in line of production and Charlie Ruggles, another Los Angeles product, will be featured in "Just a Suggestion." And after "trying these on the dog—which is us, and we're willin'"—in September Oliver Morosco will turn New Yorkward "loaded for b'ar," and more conquests for glory.

ARTHUR EDWIN KROWS' NEW BOOK

One of the most valuable and fascinatingly illuminative books relating to the drama, including the technical and mechanical side of the stage also, that has come to my dramatic desk this season is "Play Production in America," by Arthur Edwin Krows, and issued from the press of Henry Holt & Company.

It was while he was associate editor of the Dramatic Mirror that I first became acquainted with his piquant style in his contributed articles to that magazine; and my anticipation as to the interest and breadth of subject matter treated in the present volume is not in the least disappointed. Rather beyond all expectations is this most practical of reviews of one of the most attractive of professions, to the popular mind. In this book he has made one acquainted with certain rules of the play-writing game and the marketing of one's product, of the direction of a play, the setting of the stage and the names of the pieces of scenery and adjuncts to scenic effects as produced backstage. He has given us peeps into various managers' offices and made us acquainted generally with the various members of the theater staff and their activities, with the methods of publicity and advertising, with the ticket-selling end of the affair, with the view of the critic and his duty to his employer and toward the public and as to the disposition and psychology of audiences. In fact the stage becomes not a visionary picture, all theory and poetry, but appears in its phy-

sical, matter-of-fact aspect but none the less interesting.

Mr. Krows' more recent connection with that famous producer, Winthrop Ames, and in the motion picture game, together with extraordinary powers of observation with an eye to utilitarian as well as poetically artistic purposes, has made him a particularly good authority. This is by far the best single, all-round volume on the subject I have yet read. And I am sure any theater-goer will profit by its perusal.

PEARL RALL.

REUNION

As Rose of Wisdom blooms, fresh from its heart
A fragrance falls to wake the wings of thought
Fast caught in crusted chrysalis of Time.
Truth drops her seven chromatic veils to tell
Why separate ray from ray the moonbeams fall;
Why dew a vaporous mist, like star-dust floats,
Till sphering in the rose's heart—a pearl—
Why sundered I apart from thee have dwelt—
That Love's corolla folding soul on soul
Might teach Life's spheric ecstasy regained.

—LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

GRAPHITES

Congress has decided not to increase the tax on stogies, the rates being boosted only on tobacco.

* * *

The Supreme Court has made a new record by dis-

posing of 637 cases in the term just closed. Though called "fossilized" by the energetic Theodore, this venerable institution seems to be setting a cracking pace for the other branches of the government.

* * *

As a food dictator Mr. Hoover will have power to do everything, except fire the cook.

A PEER GYNT OF TODAY

(Continued from Page 3)

of the Boer's rear guard when following a retreat."

"And how are you going to wind up?" he was asked. "There is only one place for me," he smiled, "and that is the moving picture field. Inasmuch as the studios are depicting the snows of the Arctics and, a few feet away, the desert abodes of the Kabyls, I can enjoy the whole world condensed in the film studio. With a twist of the wrist we go from Greenland's icy mountains to the russet savanna of Natal. In the studio I am finding my own."

"The film art is in spots already greater than any spoken drama," he added, "and as soon as the producers realize that the public is getting educated more rapidly than mediocre writers and directors we will see a sudden spring from the incongruous and crude film play to an art sublime."

"I saw a filmed Ibsen play the other day," smiled Bennett, "the intention was good . . . but if Ibsen could have seen it he would not have turned in his grave . . . He would have revolved."

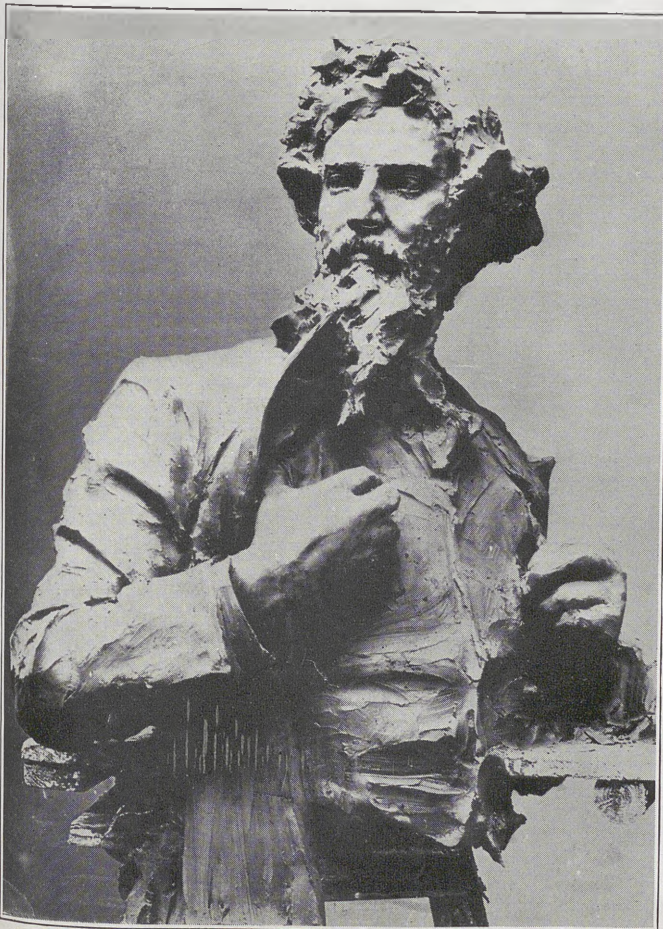
Troubetzkoy Exhibition of Sculpture



Pavlowa Dancing

OPENED last week with a reception given in honor of Prince and Princess Paul Troubetzkoy, the exhibition of Prince Paul's bronzes at the Gallery of Fine and Applied Arts in the Museum of History, Science and Art is much appreciated by the many visitors.

Paul Troubetzkoy was born of Russian-American parentage, at Intra, Largo Maggiore, Italy, on Feb. 16, 1866. He studied in Italy, Russia and France, exhibiting first in Italy in 1886 and in Russia in 1897. In 1900 he showed in both the Russian and Italian sections of the Paris Exposition and won the Grand Prix in the Russian exhibit, his bronze of Tolstoi being purchased for the Luxemburg. In 1915 he exhibited in the International Section of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. He is represented by



Painter Giovanni Segantini

bronzes in the National Gallery in Rome; the National Gallery in Venice; the Luxemburg; the Brera Museum; the Museum of Alexander III in Petrograd; the Treliakofsky Gallery in Moscow; the National Gallery in Berlin; the Royal Gallery in Dresden; the Leipzig Gallery; the Chicago Art Institute; the Museum of Art, Detroit; the Toledo Museum of Art; the Albright Gallery, Buffalo; the Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum, San Francisco, and in Buenos Ayres.

It is the first exhibition of sculpture ever held in Los Angeles, and it is but the second time that any museum in the world has had the privilege of exhibiting such a number of the works of this master. Though the shadow of war is hanging over us, and we are largely concerned as to how we may best serve our country, the exhibition is affording the keenest enjoyment and reveals to us that the interest in art is very active in Los Angeles.

There is nothing heroic or dramatic about these sculptures. They are marked with a sincerity that is at once quietly impressive. The work is brilliant, spirited, fascinating. There is variety in subject, children, animals, men, women—all reveal the sculptor's love of life.

Because of his great respect for all life, the Prince is a vegetarian. No. 39, "How Can You Eat Me" offers a mild reproach to the meat eater. A very appealing subject among the many bronzes is No. 12, "My Two Dogs." The one is mother of the other, the sculptor will not tolerate separation from his dogs, and this group expresses the great devotion these dogs give to their master. This passionate love of all animals is one of the finest traits in the character of the sculptor.

There are three bronzes of Pavlowa. "Pavlowa Dancing" is marvelous. Standing on tiptoe with one limb at a right angle, she seems human, breathing, alive.

Perhaps the most important work in the collection are the two portraits of Tolstoy. No. 1, "Tolstoy" is a bust with folded arms, so unassuming, but so appealing, the eyes looking the suffering endured. No. 60, "Tolstoy on Horseback." This is Tolstoy in the garb of the Russian peasant. These portraits are noble in their revelation of the mission of this great Russian character.

HELEN M. HUTCHINSON

DEFENCE IS RECIPROCAL

ONE final result that should come from this war is a deeper realization of the duties of citizenship. Ignorance of those duties is being manifested in the most surprising ways and in undreamed of places, says an Eastern exchange. For instance, there is an organization under the high sounding title of "Conscientious Objectors" attempting a propaganda of opposition to the enforcement of the conscription law. In no other way could treasonable "aid and comfort" be more effectively given the enemy, yet men who claim to be loyal citizens are included in this treason propaganda.

Some such men may be honest in their attitude; if so, they manifest an appalling ignorance of what citizenship means. Let such a man ask himself why it is that he can walk the streets at any hour unarmed and unafraid. Why is it that he can retire at night and say "I will both lay me down in

peace, and sleep?" Why is it that he can work or engage in business feeling sure that the fruits of his enterprise will remain safe within his hand; that he can accumulate goods and acquire lands, and the man who is stronger than he will not challenge his right thereto?

It is simply because the state defends him. Should a wrongdoer assail him, or attempt by force to take his property, the state will defend him with still greater force. And because the state recognizes that wrongful force attacking the law-abiding can only be repelled and subdued, and law and order maintained by meet-



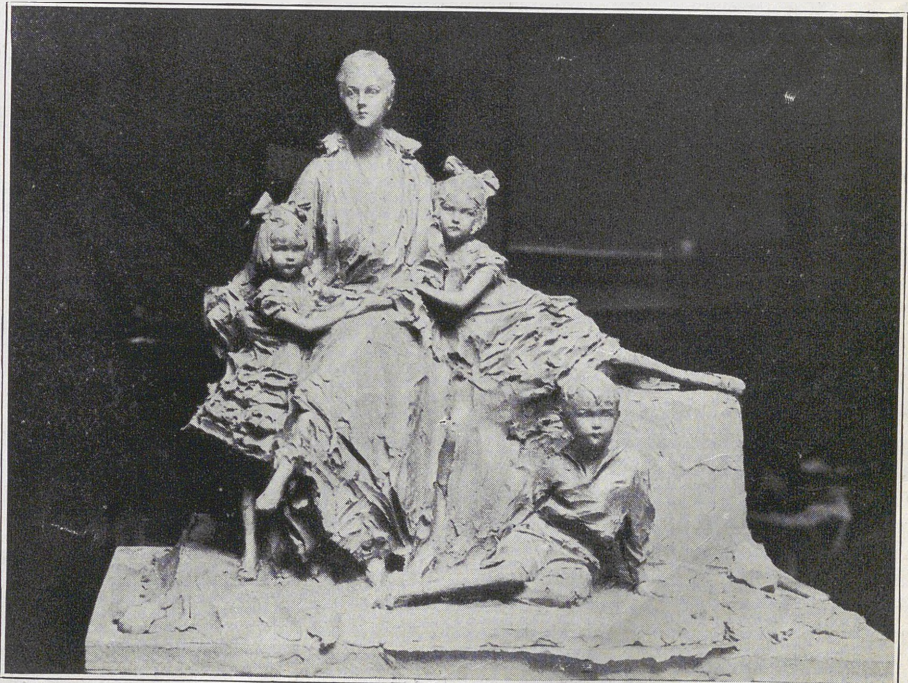
Cowboy and Broncho

ing it with all necessary force, the citizen is secure in his home and in his business.

War against the state by an outside enemy can only be met by war. In no other way can the state be protected. It has defended and protected the citizen and given him privileges which few peoples on earth enjoy. That citizen owes a reciprocal duty of defence to the state that is defending him. He cannot accept all the benefits and refuse to accept the obligations.

Suppose the state should say to such a one: "If you refuse to defend me I shall from this time forth refuse my protection to you."

No one wants that; all want to be defended by the state. But, he who accepts all the benefits of protection by the state owes a reciprocal obligation of defence. This is one of the obligations of citizenship.



Mrs. Rima de Bretteville Spreckels and Children

Alan Seeger, The Patriot-Poet

By Belle Cooper

PROBABLY the two more nearly comparable poet-heroes whom the Allies mourn are Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger. As Englishmen turn to Brooke and his heart-thrilling sonnet, "If I Should Die," so Americans point with pride to Alan Seeger and his glorious "I Have a Rendezvous with Death."

There was much of the Greek in both poets. Few English or American poets have fought and died for their country, but such was the customary fate of the Greek poet. Both Brooke and Seeger had classical tastes, and each accomplished his best work in the sonnet, a form which with all its restrictions has outlasted seven centuries, and is still the favored medium of disciplined minds. Both men were college-trained, and had early cultivated a literary style based on classic models; both had fine imaginations, an intense love of beauty, and an eager enjoyment of life. The attitude of each toward war was that it was a compelling duty rather than a congenial pastime, and each was determined to "do his bit" for the land he loved. Rupert Brooke suffered a sunstroke when serving in the Dardanelles, and died on St. George's Day, 1915, in the hospital at Lemnos; now he sleeps under the olive-trees on the Island of Scyros. To Alan Seeger it was given to die in actual battle, proud of laying down his life for a pure cause,—

"That rare privilege of dying well."

Each soldier was called beyond before he had reached the sixth lustrum of a life short but crowded with keen experience and high aspiration. One gave his life for his own beloved land; the other for the land of his ideals. The careers of both prove that the singers of the world are "fashioned of the same high stuff which composes her soldiers and martyrs."

Alan Seeger was born in New York City on June 22, 1888. A year later his parents, who belonged to old New England families, moved to Staten Island, where the lad lived until his tenth year. The three children of the family were close together in age, and with his elder brother and his younger sister Alan daily enjoyed the historic, romantic, and scenic pleasures of the great city on the Hudson. The boy's education began at the Staten Island Academy, and was continued at the Horace Mann School when the family returned to New York in 1898. Two years later they settled in the City of Mexico, a spot wonderfully impressive in its imposing situation. The children were privately instructed, and soon developed a taste for poetry and good literature, which was evidenced in the pages of a home magazine of theirs, which they called "The Prophet." At fourteen Alan returned to New York, but his early vivid impressions of Mexico were kept fresh by frequent vacation visits. He entered the Hackley School at Tarrytown, N. Y., which commands a magnificent view of the noble Hudson and of the adjoining meadows and woodlands. His health not being robust, one of his vacations was passed in the hills of New Hampshire, and another in Southern California.

At the age of eighteen he entered Harvard College where he delighted in wide and miscellaneous reading. Later he became one of the editors of the Harvard Monthly, in which he published some creditable verse. "He always showed a keen interest," says one of his classmates, "in the life and literature of the Middle Ages, . . . and he never tired of rolling off, in his monotonous and deep voice, some of those glorious old chansons of which love and war are the eternal burden." In personal appearance Seeger was a striking figure. John Hall Wheelock, a fellow-poet and friend and associate at Harvard, describes him as "tall and rather sparsely built, with a pale, but forceful and strangely immobile and mask-like face, straight black hair cut square across the forehead, and remote eyes. Throughout his college course," continues Mr. Wheelock, "his hearing was consistently aloof. . . . He could not be made to talk except where his whole heart was passionately aroused, and then it was always on the great issues of life or thought, the romance of love, and of death, of sacrifice, and of heroism." Upon graduation in 1910 Seeger passed two unsettled years in New York, refusing steadily to be tied down to any regular routine, and with no plans whatever for the future, a state of affairs which not only rendered himself unhappy, but was a cause of anxiety and unhappiness to his family and friends, who feared that he would prove but a mere dilettante groping his way through the listless years.

Finally he seized the opportunity to go to Paris to follow the literary life he craved. There he was soon completely at home among the students and artists of the Latin Quarter. For him all was steeped in the glamour of romance. He amused himself by producing most of the "Juvenilia" in his collected poems, and by

making occasional long tramps through the enchanting French provinces. In the early summer of 1914 he visited England, where he was joined by his father to whom he bade good-bye just two days after the presentation of the Austrian ultimatum. Alan returned to Paris by way of Bruges, where he left his manuscript in the care of a small printer. Impelled by a feeling of loyalty and high chivalric devotion to the France he loved, he, together with some fifty compatriots, volunteered and was almost immediately enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France. After a brief military training at Rouen, he advanced with the Legion by way of Toulouse, Aube, Vertus, and Rheims. The winter months were passed in the trenches, the monotonous hardships of which are described in his letters published in the New York Sun. During the summer the



Alan Seeger, American Patriot

Legion was moved from sector to sector, and many scenes of natural beauty gave the poet keen enjoyment.

His regiment was at the front for the battle of Champagne on the memorable September 25, on which occasion Seeger engaged in dangerous reconnoitering. Afterwards his company passed to the rear. In February 1916 Seeger was sent to the hospital on account of a sharp attack of bronchitis, and his two months of convalescence were passed partly at Biarritz and partly in Paris. It was at this time that, through the assistance of the Embassy, he recovered his "Juvenilia." He returned to the front in May. A committee of American residents in Paris invited him to read an original poem on Decoration Day before the statues of Washington and Lafayette in the Place des Etats-Unis, Paris. The "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France" was composed, but was not read, for, by an unfortunate mistake, the necessary "leave" was dated June 30 instead of May 30.

The great advance began on July the first, and Alan rejoiced in the prospect of his first bayonet charge. On July 4 the Legion advanced to drive the enemy from the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. Seeger's squad advanced but was fired upon by concealed German guns, and Alan fell, wounded in several places, but still cheering his comrades on. The last they heard of him he was singing a marching-song in English. The Legion captured the village, but for some reason the wounded were not gathered from the battlefield that night. The next morning Alan Seeger was dead, his patriotic soul having flitted during the night following the day dear to all Americans.

In January of this year "Poems by Alan Seeger" was issued from the Scribner press. The introduction is an excellent appreciation from the pen of William Archer. "Juvenilia," as Seeger himself chose to call his first poetic attempts, has, both in substance and form, many of the marks of youth. Imitation is evident, but it is the loving imitation not of one master-poet, but of the great masters. The depths of human experience are not sounded; beauty and love are the only notes. The opening poem, "An Ode to Natural Beauty," is marred by involved sentences and stilted language, but it gives us one literary touchstone,

"The grace of a blue sky can never fail."

"The Deserted Garden," the longest poem, has pronounced memories of Swinburne in its metrical structure, its wealth of coloring, its ornateness, and its rhetorical phrasing. This series of landscape pictures is bright with a riot of Mexican coloring, gorgeous and sensuous as the descriptions of Keats. Who but a youth steeped in romanticism would write?

"Faint flakes of filtering moonlight mantles more and more."

The entire poem abounds in figurative language reminiscent of the high tide of Romanticism. In every stanza is an array of esoteric words like flammulate, eburnine, vespereal, nympholept, crepuscular. But the poem is not without charm, for it has some lines of rare beauty:

"Wide to the wood-winds and the sweet birds' choir."

"In surf of snow against a sapphire sky."

"The Torture of Cuauhtemoc" is an excursion into narrative poetry. It shows keen analysis of character, and is swift, dramatic, and artistically compressed. Frequently the other early poems are extravagant, over-ornate, and diffuse; nevertheless, there is evident in "Juvenilia" a striving after perfection of form, and a conscious effort to secure adequate expression, which augurs well for the final attaining of the poet's lofty ambitions.

Undoubtedly Seeger's best work is in the sonnet; its brevity, calling for reticence and simplicity, and the necessity for developing a complete thought in a limited number of lines, gave Seeger what he needed most, a bridle for his youthful prodigality. In the first series of sixteen sonnets, the youth is striving vaguely to find a fit subject; generally the theme is love or beauty, an intrinsically beautiful theme in itself, but sometimes the emotion is not deeply felt, and rarely does the whole rise to a lofty and precious significance. The sonnet-sequence is another evidence of Seeger's youth. It is only when he has compressed his thought into a single sonnet that his work rises to excellence.

In his first sonnet-sequence Seeger strove to attain the Petrarchan form, but his ear was not trained to the exact niceties of rhyme. Instances of imperfect rhyme are: hands-romance; peace-arteries; love-of; wooded-womanhood; does-glorious; coast-embossed; oracle-shell; lowers-yours. Broadly speaking, there are in English but two types of sonnets, the Petrarchan and the Shakespearean. The latter consists of loose, easy quatrains and is more easily composed, but is artistically inferior to the Petrarchan form. It is the Shakespearean form which Seeger uses most frequently in the second series. Occasionally the form does not adhere to either model; Sonnet IX of the first sequence is composed of five couplets followed by a quatrain, an instance of a youth's tampering with the time-tested sonnet form.

However in the second group of sonnets, Seeger accomplished the difficult blending of intellectuality and emotion. Here is the ring of true emotion. Did Seeger have a real love-story? At least once before, in "Do You Remember Once," does the love note ring true; that poem is worth reams of his earlier imaginary loves.

As the love note now rings true, so does the call of humanity.

"War has its horrors, but has this of good—
That its sure processes sort out and bind
Brave hearts in one intrepid brotherhood
And leave the shams and imbeciles behind."

In the "Last Poems, 1916," the man appears at his full stature; henceforth, straight from the trenches, come the tense, virile notes lacking in the earlier period. In "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," Seeger touches the high water mark of noble poetry. The war has given to the world no better or more compressed expression of high patriotic feeling than these lines replete with soldierly emotion, melody, glory in the returning spring, and devotion to high ideals. In "A Message to America," the poet has lost all his youthful exuberances; he becomes direct, forceful, almost Kipling-like in his arraignment of American pacifism in bed-rock terms. The closing poem of the volume is the "Ode in Memory of American Volunteers Fallen in France." In ardent terms Seeger praises his compatriots who had fallen "Somewhere in France." The concluding lines are the poet's best epitaph:

"Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;

Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops are ours."
Brave Alan Seeger! He lived in strict devotion to his three ideals—Love, Arms, and Song. Today his inspiring lines are calling other patriots to share in his rare privilege of dying well.

The Week in Society

By Ruth Burke Stephens

ATTRACTIVE in its pretty simplicity was the wedding at high noon Monday, of Miss Dorothy Jackins, charming daughter of Mrs. Alice Craig Jackins, and Mr. William Pennypacker Reed, at St. John's church, with only a few close friends and relatives witnessing the ceremony. The bride wore a becoming gown of navy blue satin and beige, which was elaborately embroidered. To complete her costume she wore a large hat of the same tones and her bridal bouquet was of lavender orchids. Mrs. William W. Mines, one of her attendants, wore navy blue satin trimmed in bronze, with large black hat, while Mrs. E. P. Woods, another attendant, also wore a smart gown of navy blue, trimmed in gold and a hat of negro brown straw. Mr. William Clack, brother-in-law of Mr. Reed, was best man. The ushers were Mr. William W. Mines, Mr. Don McGilvray and Mr. Will Wolters. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Hermann Vollmer. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother on Carondelet street. Cecil Bruner rosebuds and lilies of the valley were prettily combined in the table decorations. Mr. Reed and his bride left for a motor trip north and upon their return will be at home to their friends at 523 South Carondelet street.

Society is anticipating with great interest the marriage next Wednesday of Miss Phila Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Miller, to Mr. Donald O'Melveny, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Melveny. The service will be read by Bishop Glass at 5:30 o'clock in the evening, at the Miller residence, Oak Knoll, Pasadena. Miss Miller's maid of honor will be Miss Jane Stimpson of Pasadena. Mrs. Stuart O'Melveny, matron of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Olive Benson of New Jersey, Miss Edith Thompson of Milwaukee, Miss Margaret Kennedy of Pennsylvania and Miss Theodora Robbins of Pasadena. Mr. Jack O'Melveny will be his brother's best man and the ushers will include Mr. John Miller, Mr. Stuart O'Melveny, Mr. Edgar Miller, Mr. Jack Bucklin and Mr. Garrettson Dulin. Miss Corrita Miller, sister of the bride-elect, will be the flower girl, and Miss Phila Elizabeth Morse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morse, will be train bearer.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nebeker of El Paso, Texas, upon the arrival of a wee daughter, who has been given the name of Virginia Morehead Nebeker. Quite as happy as the fond parents of this new arrival are the proud grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh who have been living at the Los Angeles Country Club for several months, have moved into their old home, 635 Harvard boulevard, and their daughter with the new baby will pass the summer with them. Mrs. Nebeker before her marriage was the charming Miss Virginia Walsh and it is cause for much regret that Mr. and Mrs. Nebeker are to make their home in El Paso.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard William Reynolds, whose marriage was an event of June 1, have returned from their honeymoon trip and are at home to their friends at the La Cresta Court in South Hollywood. As Miss Silence McVay, the young bride was popular in the younger set.

Miss Winifred Millspaugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse F. Millspaugh of 5424 Russell avenue, left recently for the east where she will visit her aunt, Mrs. H. L. Hibbard in New Jersey. Before returning home in the fall, Miss Millspaugh

will visit in New York and other cities of the east.

Miss Ora Wing was hostess Thursday entertaining with a luncheon at the Beverly Hills hotel, honoring the faculty and senior members of the Angeles Vista School for Girls, concluding the morning's graduation exercises.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Dorothy Campbell Fish, daughter of Mrs. Farnum Thayer Fish and Dr. William John Kerr, which is to take place next Tuesday, June 19, at the West Adams church at 8 o'clock. Dr. Charles Edward Locke will read the ser-

mon. They will stop en route to their home in Salina, Kansas, for a visit with the bridegroom's parents in Holton, Kansas, where a large reception is to be given in their honor. Mr. and Mrs. Walker returned to Los Angeles, Tuesday evening and the few days here were complimented with several informal affairs. Thursday evening, Mr. Donald Dorr entertained at the University Club with a dinner. Besides the guests of honor others enjoying Mr. Dorr's hospitality were Dr. and Mrs. Ben Thompson and Miss Frances Graham of Pomona.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler of West

month, for Monterey, where they will sojourn for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Paulin have returned to their Imperial home. They came here to be present at the marriage of Mrs. Paulin's sister, Miss Silence McVay, whose marriage to Mr. Howard William Reynolds was an event of June 1.

Mrs. Charles F. Thomas of 4320 Pasadena avenue is anticipating a visit from her son, Captain Jack Bullene, who is in Hawaii.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Hagan have returned to their home, 758 Lake street, after a most enjoyable trip to San Francisco.

Miss Geraldine Grady, daughter of Mrs. Moore Sanborn of West Twenty-eighth street, has decided as the date for her marriage to Mr. George Grimm, the evening of Wednesday, June 27. The wedding is to be a garden affair at the home of the bride-elect's mother and will be another society wedding, as several hundred guests are to be invited. Miss Grady has chosen for her attendants, Mrs. Wayne Fisher, who will be remembered as Miss Lucile Bartlett, to be her matron of honor. Miss Gwendolyn Grady, sister of the bride-to-be, will be maid of honor and the four maids are to be Miss Marie Holm, Miss Harriett Grimm, sister of the bridegroom-elect, Mrs. Dawson Grady, her sister-in-law, and Miss Marie Nichols. Mr. Wilbur Smith will serve as best man.

Mr. and Mrs. McVay of 1109 West Twenty-ninth street are anxiously awaiting the arrival of their youngest daughter, Miss Frances McVay, who is a graduate from Wellesley this year. Miss McVay is expected to return to Los Angeles within a fortnight.

Miss Katherine Barbour, daughter of Mrs. J. H. Barbour of West Twenty-eighth street, is the house guest of Miss Ann Elizabeth Crowder, in Piedmont. Miss Crowder has been a frequent visitor in Los Angeles and has a host of friends here. After a visit with Miss Crowder, Miss Barbour will visit in Bedford, Oregon with Mrs. Martin, who was formerly Miss Gertrude Hanna. Miss Barbour plans to be away two or three months.

One of the pleasant surprises of the week was the announcement of the engagement of Miss Joan McCall, daughter of Mr. Thomas McCall of Santa Monica and Mr. Gilbert Proctor of Los Angeles. Miss McCall is one of four charming daughters of Mr. McCall, all of whom are popular members of the social set, both in their beach town and this city. The wedding date is set for Tuesday, July 3.

The McCall girls are socially prominent in the beach town and many social courtesies will be extended Miss Joan before her wedding. Miss McCall has chosen for her attendants, her two attractive sisters, Miss Alison McCall, Miss Grace McCall and Miss Gertrude Chamberlin of Texas. Mr. Meredith Thurston is to be best man and the ushers, Mr. William Harrison and Mr. George White. The ceremony will take place at the Presbyterian church in Santa Monica and will be witnessed by a large circle of friends. The marriage of Miss Helen McCall and Mr. Newton Foster a few months ago was a brilliant affair and there is no doubt but that the wedding of Miss Joan McCall and Mr. Gilbert Proctor will be equally attractive. One of the pretty informal affairs scheduled in honor of this bride-to-be will be given by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Byers of Santa Monica, Saturday evening, June 23, when they will entertain with a dinner for the young people.



MR. AND MRS. FELIX MCGINNIS

And members of their bridal party including Mrs. McGinnis' sister, Mrs. Frank H. Powell, matron of honor; Mr. John McGinnis, best man, and little Laura Lisk, dainty flower girl. Mrs. McGinnis, formerly Miss Clara Leonard.

—Haussler Studio

vice. Miss Fish has chosen for her matron of honor, Mrs. Ben Thompson, formerly Miss Ruth Locke, and Miss Emma Bates is to be the maid of honor. Dr. John Resisch of San Francisco will be Dr. Kerr's best man. Many pretty affairs are being given in honor of this charming bride-elect, almost every moment of the time prior to the wedding day is filled with some sort of delightful entertainment. Wednesday evening Mrs. Irvin C. Louis was hostess at a dinner for Miss Fish. This afternoon Miss Bates is giving a matinee party which is to include the members of the wedding party. Miss Fish had a few friends drop in informally yesterday, at the home of her mother, in West Sixth street. Monday evening, Dr. and Mrs. Ben Thompson are giving a delightfully informal dinner. Following the marriage ceremony Tuesday evening a reception will be given at the home of the bride's mother for a few close friends and the bridal party.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Carr Walker, whose marriage was one of the social events of last week, left yesterday for

Twenty-third street entertained last Sunday evening, at their home, with an informal supper party complimenting Miss Dorothy Morphy, who is soon to become the bride of Mr. James Friesner, cousin of the hostess. Spring flowers were prettily arranged in the table decorations. Other guests besides the honored one were Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Wailes, Mr. Friesner, Miss Elsie Morphy, Miss Gladys Morphy and Mr. Allan Morphy. Yesterday Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of Norton avenue gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Morphy, who has announced as the date for her wedding, Thursday, June 28, the service to be read at the little beach church St. Augustine's.

Mrs. Volney Howard and her two young sons, Volney Erskine, Jr., and John Munson, have returned to their home in Hermosa Beach after a visit of two months in San Francisco, the house guests of Mrs. Howard's mother, Mrs. Munson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Morse of 1710 South Hobart boulevard are planning to leave Los Angeles, the latter part of this

- - The Week in Society - -

ANOTHER engagement recently announced is that of Berenice Marcher, daughter of Mr. Frank A. Marcher of 1527 Fourth avenue, to Mr. Ray A. Murray of this city, who is now in Arizona. This news was told a few days ago at the home of Mrs. Elsie Hardy when she entertained in honor of Miss Marcher. The wedding will take place Thursday, June 21 at the Church of the Messiah at Van Ness avenue and West Washington street. Mrs. Frank A. Marcher, stepmother of the bride-elect, who is herself a bride of a few months, will be matron of honor. The assistants will include Miss Willie McClellan, maid of honor, Miss Juanita Lane, Miss Lavinia Sanborn, Miss Cora Boettcher and Miss Ida Weber, bridesmaids. Miss Marcher is an accomplished musician and popular socially. Any number of pretty affairs are to be given for Miss Marcher between now and her wedding day.

Pretty and marked with simplicity was the wedding last Friday of Miss Virginia Perry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Perry of Catalina street to Mr. Alphonse A. Burnand, Jr., the ceremony being performed at St. John's Church with Rev. George Davidson officiating. A profusion of pink carnations and ferns decorated the altar effectively. The bride was becomingly attired in white Georgette crepe with flounces of delicate pink. She wore a white lace hat and her bridal bouquet was white orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Helen Plank was maid of honor and her frock was pink Georgette crepe with touches of blue and a pale blue satin hat, her flowers being Cecile Brunner roses and forget-me-nots. Mr. Seeley Mudd served the bridegroom as best man and the ushers were Mr. Albert Perry and Mr. Nairn Rivers. The bride is a graduate of the Girls' Collegiate school and Mr. Burnand is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Burnand of South Bonnie Brae street. Mr. and Mrs. Burnand are motoring through the north for their honeymoon trip.

Enjoying the many available drives and other sports especially the swimming and bathing in both plunge and ocean, guests at Hotel del Coronado are passing a most delightful summer. Among the distinguished visitors at the fashionable watering place is Lieut.-Commander Henry Norman Jensen, U. S. N., who with his charming wife is domiciled at Hotel del Coronado. Mrs. Jensen was formerly Miss Echo Allen, daughter of the late Judge Matthew T. Allen of East Avenue Fifty, Los Angeles, and one of the most popular society matrons of the Southland. With her small son Richard Norman Jensen II she has been with her mother during Lieut.-Commander Jensen's sea detail, having come down from Bremerton early in January. They are planning to take a house near Hotel del Coronado for the summer and Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Lois Allen Wrenn and her two children, George and Takita Wrenn, will be with them. Honoring Captain N. L. Gresson, R. N., of His Majesty's armoured cruiser "Lancaster" which was anchored for several days in San Diego harbor, and Lieut.-Commander Charles P. Huff, U. S. N., Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Jensen entertained with a charmingly arranged informal dinner party at the hotel Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Braly of Pasadena, and their father, John Hyde Braly of Glendale and Pasadena, stopped for several days' sojourn at Hotel del Coronado on their return trip by motor from Imperial Valley.

Mrs. Eleanor Macauley of Menlo avenue and Miss Ella Gardner of Los Angeles, motored down for the week end to Coronado and stopped at the Hotel

del Coronado enjoying the dance Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Hook and their mother, Mrs. E. Hull of Los Angeles motored down for a ten days' sojourn at Hotel del Coronado. While there they entertained informally at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Warren Johnson and Miss Eleanor Johnson, who have been passing several days at Del Mar and San Diego.

Mrs. W. S. Bartlett of West Adams street, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. James H. French, have planned an

Geraldine Grady, whose marriage to Mr. George Grimm, is to be a garden affair at the home of her mother, Mrs. Sanborn Moore in West Twenty-eighth street, June 27.

Tonight Mrs. Irving Augur will be hostess at her home, La Cresta Court, in Hollywood, entertaining with a bridge party for Miss Grady, and her fiancé, Mr. Grimm. Next Wednesday Miss Marie Nichols is giving a bridge luncheon at her home in Menlo avenue, about twenty-eight guests being invited. Thursday of next week Mrs. Fred O. Johnson is giv-

two sons, Mr. Marshall Garland, who has been attending the preparatory school at Middlesex, Mass., and his younger son who has been in school at Concord. They plan to motor back to Los Angeles.

Plans go merrily on for the big county fair to be given in Berkeley Square the afternoon and evening of Saturday, June 30, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. Each year there is a big affair given to benefit this worthy cause, which is an urgent one and large sums of money have been made, so there isn't the slightest doubt but that this event will equal if not surpass former records. Among the workers for the success of the entertainment as well as the financial end of it are Mrs. Russell Taylor, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, and dozens of other women prominent socially. All sorts of attractions will be provided to catch the "coin of the realm" that has not already gone to swell some Red Cross benefit, but we are a generous people where the need is realized, besides we are getting used to giving. The admission to the grounds will be fifty cents, but it is urged that everyone take along a full wallet, for there is great need.

Last Monday night's supper dance at the Alexandria brought out a merry crowd of dancers, something more than a hundred and fifty guests enjoying the affair. These dances are only to be given Monday evenings throughout the summer, unless, perchance the crowds make it advisable to go back to the former arrangement, giving a second one Thursday evenings also, in which event the management may decide to give two each week as during the winter. Among those the guests seen at Monday night's affair were Prince Troubetzkoy and wife, who were guests at a supper for sixteen. Mr. and Mrs. William Doran had a number of friends with them. Dr. and Mrs. H. I. Dowd also entertained. And there were any number of other parties there.

Mrs. Hancock Banning of West Adams street, passed last week end with her son, Mr. George Hugh Banning, who is in the training camp at San Francisco. Mrs. Banning is home again having returned the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. John C. McFarland, whose marriage was one of the important events of last week, are passing a part of their honeymoon at the Yosemite. They plan to be at home in Sacramento in a few days. Mrs. McFarland was formerly the charming Miss Eleanor Banning.

Miss Sybil Brainerd, a niece of Hon. Lyman Gage of San Diego, who has been attending school in Los Angeles for the last year, left Tuesday for San Diego, where she will pass a part of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Myrt T. Blum, visited a few days last week with the parents of Mrs. Blum, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Hellman in Lowe street. They left Sunday for San Francisco, where they are to make their home. The marriage of Miss Hellman and Mr. Blum took place the evening of June 3, and was one of the pretty weddings of the season.

Los Angeles Country Club was the scene of a merry gathering Wednesday evening when the members of three of the leading national sorority chapters of this city entertained with a ball. While the affair was invitational at the same time the object was for the benefit of the Red Cross. The hostesses included members of the Zeta Beta Psi, the Delta Iota Chi and the Lambda Beta Phi sororities.

Miss India Wason, who has been the house guest of Miss Irma Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Evans of South Oxford avenue, left a few days ago for her home in Honolulu, where her father is one of the prominent physicians. Miss Evans and Miss Wason



MRS. WILLIAM A. BRACKENRIDGE
Playing Leading Role in Society Benefit Drama at Pasadena

extended trip having left Los Angeles recently. A brief visit will be made in Jacksonville, Florida, a longer time will be passed in Norfolk, Virginia, and later a trip up the Hudson, where the Bartlett's formerly owned a handsome home. Mr. French is at the Presidio in San Francisco.

Mrs. William A. Freeman of 5120 Hollywood boulevard gave the first of a series of teas, Thursday afternoon at the Alexandria. The favors were exquisite imported affairs, some being miniature pianos, hat boxes and other pretty bits. The guests included Mrs. William Widenham, Mrs. Walter Deering, Mrs. Harry Sanborn, Mrs. Alfred J. Hill, Mrs. Ralph Emmett Whitley, Mrs. Charles Sumner Kent, Mrs. Joseph Parker, Mrs. John G. Blystone, Mrs. Frederick J. Soper, Mrs. Edwin Mooers, Mrs. John Cole Judson, Mrs. Remington Armistead, Miss Bessie Chapin and Miss Gertrude Cohen. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman are planning to leave about August 1 for their extensive cattle ranch near San Bernardino, where they will pass a month or more.

Mrs. C. W. Rogers of West Adams street entertained Wednesday with a delightful garden party honoring Miss

ing an affair complimenting this charming bride-elect and still others are being planned for Miss Grady, who is to be much feted between now and her wedding day.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon A. Ballinger of North Kingsley drive, accompanied by their young son, Master A. Sheldon Ballinger, Jr., have gone to Riverside, planning to remain there several weeks.

Interesting news to their many friends is the announcement of the betrothal of Miss Elsie Behymer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behymer of 623 Carondelet street to Dr. Egbert Earl Moody. The secret was told last Friday evening at a banquet given at the California club by Entre Nous Sorority and Phi Alpha fraternity. Miss Behymer is popular socially and for several years was a student at U. S. C. In fact it is said the romance had its beginning while she was in school there. Dr. Moody is a graduate of University of Southern California. No date has yet been set for the marriage. Many delightful affairs are being planned in honor of this attractive bride-elect.

Mr. William May Garland left recently for the east. He will be joined by his

were both students the past year at National Park seminary and came west from Washington together only recently.

Coming as a surprise to her many friends in Los Angeles, is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Marian Boyd, younger daughter of Mr. Gladwell Boyd of this city and Capt. W. Kendle Strachan of the Royal Scots, and son of the late Mr. Robert Strachan of London. Miss Boyd formerly resided here and the news is wafted to this city from Erin.

Mrs. David Williams of Arlington, Mass., makes formal announcement of the marriage of her daughter, Miss Helen Elizabeth, to Mr. David Julius Witmer, son of Mrs. Joseph Witmer. The cere-

passing the winter at the Rex Arms apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Walker McCune of Riverside formally announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Jessie to Mr. Walter Alexander Larson. The wedding took place Wednesday of last week at the First Congregational Church in Riverside, with Rev. Charles F. Aked officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Larson will be at home to their friends after September 1 at 2729 West Ninth street, Los Angeles.

Mrs. R. H. F. Variel of 2237 Michigan avenue has as her house guest, Mrs. Danville Libby of San Francisco.

Miss May Landis of Ingraham street left several days ago for Seattle. Miss



MRS. WILLIAM PENNYPACKER REID

Charming bride of the week, and formerly Miss Dorothy Jackins. Mrs. Reid is the daughter of Mrs. Alice Craig Jackins and is popular among the younger set.

mony was performed at the Church of the Angels, with Rev. Mr. Thompson officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Witmer will be at home after July 1 at 1422 West Third street.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen M. Culver of 2801 Menlo avenue, left a few days ago for a trip to Alaska. They will go north to Skagway and Sitka, and plan to be away several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Shrader of Hollywood are enjoying a week's visit at Arrowhead Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Earl, whose marriage last month was one of the interesting events, have returned from their wedding trip and are at home to their friends at 7424 Sunset boulevard.

Dr. and Mrs. John W. Trueworthy and daughter, Miss Alberta, are again in their own home, 742 Garland avenue, after

Landis formerly resided in Seattle and she plans to visit there for several weeks. Mrs. Charles F. Holman and her daughter, Miss Florence Holman of San Francisco are visiting Mrs. William Irving Warner and her daughter, Mrs. Mary Belle Hardison at their home, 866 West Washington street.

Dr. and Mrs. Laurence Roland Sevier of 1014 Park View and daughter, Miss Virginia Lorraine, are enjoying a trip to San Francisco. They plan to be away a fortnight.

Miss Lucile Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips of Berkeley Square is home from Vassar for the summer's vacation. Miss Phillips has been elected president of the student body for next year, an honor which comes only to students of first standing. Next year is to be Miss Phillips' senior semester.

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Music

By W. Francis Gates

AMONG the prize winners in the competition of the Matinee Musical Club were M. F. Mason, Julius Kranz and Hague Kinsey. Inasmuch as the prizes were good round iron men of the realm, they doubtless were doubly welcome. This thing of "Mother pin a rose on me" for a prize after one has burned many gallons of Standard product and exhausted many kilowatts of brain energy—or whatever the measuring unit may be—and writing stuff that hits the committee better than that the other fellows wrote, though it may be no better—and for it all being awarded a piece of cotton-silk ribbon or an impossible drinking cup with a hole in the bottom—well the said iron men have the call on it all, even in the visionary mind of the musician.

And writing of prize competitions: Reginald DeKoven said a few good things to the convention of the Federation of Music Clubs at Birmingham, Alabama, last month. Whether one agrees with him that the most worthy music to foster is the operatic (and from its more limited public and cost of production one may question his dictum) it is easy to agree with him that history shows only three or four great works that have been the product of prize competitions. Mr. DeKoven contends that it would be much better to place an order with a capable composer and thus secure more valuable results.

But, while that may be true, (maybe he had in mind his "Canterbury Pilgrims"), while the one work might thus be a greater one, he overlooked the fact that on this plan only one man would be driven to his best work, or possibly not his best; while under the prize system perhaps fifty would be giving their best effort.

Then another thing: he goes on the assumption that works submitted in a competition necessarily were written with that particular prize in view. Occasionally this is the case, where certain limitations are placed. But, on the other hand, outside of that class, I believe that most works submitted in competition simply are taken from the accumulated manuscripts of their composers, provided with postage stamps and a "here's hoping," and sent on their way.

If I remember rightly, that was the case with the "Fairylend" opera manuscript. I think it had been written before the prize was offered, or at least a good part of it.

And out of more than thirty manuscripts submitted for the competition mentioned at the opening of this article, I have an idea that not more than twenty were inspired by the offer of these prizes.

To my mind, the weak spot is not that prizes are offered and competed for, but rests in the application of the jury system that awards them.

In the case of a local committee awarding prizes to local competitors, it is almost impossible to preserve the anonymity of the contestants. The latter are partly to blame for this, in not observing the regulations prescribed as to unsigned submissions, in foolishly putting their names on the outside of packages containing manuscripts, in talking about their works, and so on. When the author of any manuscript is known to the judges or to any one of

them, that manuscript should be thrown out of competition.

In order to assist in the fairness of local competitions, the judges should not be local. They should be chosen from outside localities. And the more judges, but not making the committee unwieldy, the better. It is possible to have three judges with a similar bias, say for or against the modern, unregulated and amorphous style of music; but with seven or nine judges, similarity of bias is not likely.

At the best, it is difficult to keep hard feelings out of the musical camp. Not every competition is conducted as fairly and impartially as was that in which the Messrs. Mason, Kinsey and Kranz were winners. But I believe the above suggestions may be of value for future occasions.

Although the masticational menu at the Gamut Club last week was good, the mental and musical menu was better. The monthly dinner was enjoyed by about 160 members and guests. Among the prominent men present one might mention Judge Bordwell, Supervisor Norton, Charles W. Cadman, Dr. Walter Lindley, B. R. Baumgardt, James W. Sheridan, Perry Widener, Charles C. Davis, Dr. A. S. Lobingier and a host of others.

When it is said that the more or less impromptu program lasted from eight o'clock until eleven, with hardly an empty chair to the last, that is sufficient comment on its interest.

In music, there were Mrs. Jomelli-Backus, Mrs. Jacobs, Charles Wakefield Cadman, Jerome Uhl, baritone; Eunice Landrum, pianist; Mrs. Greta Murch, of Chicago, soprano; the Philharmonic quartet, headed by Harold Procter and the Orpheus tri-quartet.

B. R. Baumgardt headed the list of speakers, giving a half-hour address on Russia, and with his wealth of information and figures, he held his audience closely. Incidental speakers were Orrin Baccus, Perry Widener, Dr. Thorner, Dr. Lindley, Judge Bordwell, Jas. W. Sheridan and Count Geza Persbroch, with L. E. Behymer as rapid-fire toast-master.

Last Wednesday night the club was entertained by the Turnverein Germania singing section at the latter's building on South Figueroa street.

Dean Walter F. Skeele of the U. S. C. College of Music announces a six-weeks' session from June 25 to August 4. The curriculum will include piano, violin, organ, voice, 'cello, flute, harmony and theory. The faculty will consist of W. F. Skeele, organ and piano; Helen Chute, Norma Rockhold Robbins, vocal culture; Horatio Cogswell, voice; Adelaide Trowbridge, piano; Lillian J. Backstrand, voice; C. E. Pemberton, harmony, theory, counterpoint violin; Arthur M. Perry, violin; W. H. Mead, flute; Earl Bright, 'cello; Carolyn Alchin, harmony.

This year the college has nine graduates, eight in piano and theory and one in organ and theory, besides a post graduate degree given for the first time, Bachelor of Music. All our graduates have given recitals which have been very successful in every way. The degree was given to Clyde Collison, the well known pianist, who graduated two years ago from the Institute of Musical Art in New York and has this year taken a post graduate course in composition in our school, writing as his thesis an entire

cantata for soli, chorus, and orchestra, "The Resurrection." This degree is given for the first time this year and is offered for a second graduation in some study in applied music or composition together with one year's work in the College of Liberal Arts. Mr. Collison has been appointed to the faculty as professor of the piano.

Closing its twenty-first season, the Ellis club gave a program at Trinity auditorium, last Tuesday night, which was one of its best. The principal number was Felicien David's cantata "The Desert," for chorus orchestra and solo. After a good "first part" this indeed was a satisfactory dessert. Something like a cake ten feet thick following a small piece of meat.

The program was a more virile one than usual, not including any of the cradle-song effects so unsuited to a men's chorus. MacDowell's "Crusaders" and "Dance of the Gnomes" were the best composed works of the first part of the program—and they had plenty of European competition.

This was about the eighth appearance of this particular "Desert" on programs of this club. Its short readings (by Hobart Bosworth), the tenor solos, sung by the best tenor voice in Los Angeles, to my mind, that of Harold Procter, Director Poulin's "cooche-cooche" effects in the ballet music, and Nell Lockwood's good contralto in the Muezzin call, added to the stirring work of the chorus and of the orchestra under Julius Bierlich—all these would make this work welcome if it were its twentieth performance, as there always is perhaps ten per cent of the audience to which the program is new.

The innovation was in having a female muezzin, a muezzinness as it were, or possibly a muezzinette—I do not know whether the diminutive is in place as the fair Turkess sang behind the scenes. But inasmuch as the Turks are enemy aliens just now, who cares if we do feminize their priesthood. The house was filled and standing room was reserved for the press.

June 29 to July 3 is set for the annual convention of the California State Music Teachers' Association, in Sacramento, with the ladies of the Saturday Club for guides and the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce for financial backing which means that the meeting probably will be a memorable one. And there is every reason why it should be memorable because Sacramento for many years has been the resort of famous artists, ranking close to Los Angeles, the home of so many great artists, as the abiding place of folk who have done big things in the musical world. California's best and well known members of the Music Teachers' Association of California as well as some of National fame will contribute to the programs which will not only be entertaining but highly educational. Miss Florine Wenzel is the chairman of the Promoting and Publicity Committee of the Convention and Southern Californians who contemplate attending may find out all the particulars of the great meeting by communicating with Miss Wenzel through the Saturday Club of the Capital City.

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Book Reviews

ONE of the sanest, briefest and most convincingly logical outlines of the problems to be solved and the necessary steps in "Mobilising America" thus far published for popular consideration is presented by Arthur Bullard, author of another interesting volume also, considering "The Democracy of the Great War."

Mr. Bullard gathered his material used in the present book while in Europe observing men and methods, especially in England and France, with the intention of writing a more exhaustive examination into "How Democracies Mobilise." The war clouds having floated rapidly over America and the storm settling blackly before the proposed work could be prepared Mr. Bullard quickly epitomized his information into this remarkably lucid and thoughtful view of what experience has taught our Allies. In so doing he has concretely applied the knowledge gained of the mistakes and later developments in the raising of armies and their equipment and continued maintenance, as well as the conduct of actual warfare under modern conditions in the European battlefields to the problem of mobilising American forces, commercial and martial, most effectively and effectually.

He points out the dangers of politics in such a campaign, of an uncertain appeal for service; of the idea of a short

very much better for us to perform more than we promise than to fall below the expectations we raise. . . . If happily the war ends quickly, it will not be hard to go back to our jobs. But if the war lasts it will be utterly impossible for us to make up for lost time." Be sure to include this timely and well-presented book in your reading list. ("Mobilising America." By Arthur Bullard. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

Pleasing a Husband

Could anything sound more fascinating to the young matron, the bride or the bride-to-be, or hoping-to-be—in fact, to any woman with the slightest spark of domesticity or coquetry in her—than "A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband?" And after the lady fair has discovered that this is a new kind of cook book her interest will not flag, for it is so breezily composed. Louise Bennett Weaver and Helen Cowles Le Cron have artfully used the ideal housekeeping adventures of Bob and Betty in a wonderful cottage all their own—all of which would not thus have been made public had not Betty been the most clever, resourceful and adorable little home maker and a born culinary artist with just the right dishes for every occasion. It's the jolliest best bride's book imaginable, full of Bettina's best recipes, (which are really very good and tried), and how she met many perplexing household problems. It is attractively illustrated by Elizabeth Colbrone. ("A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband—With Bettina's Best Recipes." By Louise Bennett Weaver and Helen Cowles Le Cron Britton Publishing Co. Bullock's.)

"Daughter of the Puritans"

In this simple but graphically limned picture the author tells a story of the ordinary life of a New England girl of the middle of the last century. She presents charmingly and entertainingly that simple and reverent time when religious exercise chiefly dominated the social and domestic activities of the smaller communities. It is free from vexatious problems of our present day order of things and quietly restful and worth while. ("A Daughter of the Puritans. An Autobiography." By Caroline A. Stickney Creevey. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

"Thirty Cent Bread"

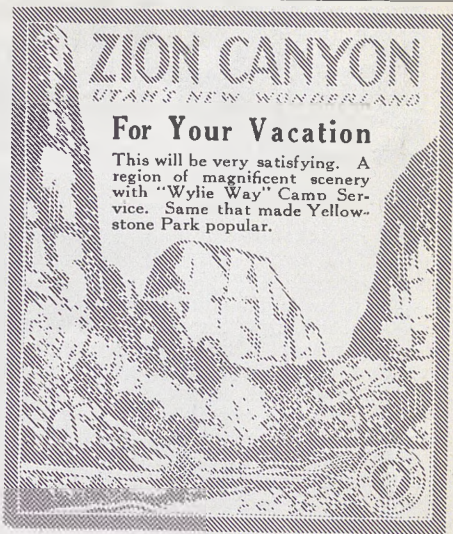
"With regulation, now," says Mr. McCann, "we can have all the food we need for home use and export to our allies 200,000,000,000 pounds. Without regulation, we shall have bread cards and soup kitchens within a year." ("Thirty Cent Bread." By Alfred W. McCann. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

Advertising Club Laurels

The Advertising Club of Los Angeles, at the St. Louis Convention, held June 3 to 7, with a delegation of 26 registered from this club, accomplished the following: Through the efforts of our club, we were instrumental in helping San Francisco in landing the 1918 Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World for San Francisco. President Harold Janss of our club was appointed one of the Nominating Board, which in turn nominates all the officers of the Associated Ad Clubs of the World. G. Harold Powell was named Vice-President of the A. A. C. W. and W. R. Morehouse was made First Vice-President of the Financial Advertisers' Association, one of the most important departmentals in the A. A. C. W., and also made Editor-in-Chief for the official organ to be published monthly by the Financial Advertisers' Association,

and which will cover all matters of interest pertaining to financial advertising. C. M. C. Raymond was honored by being appointed one of the three directors who will control, jointly with the President and Secretary, the destinies and future activities of the Secretary's Conference, and which is also a departmental of the A. A. C. W. At St. Louis, the Los Angeles Club delegation made a pronounced hit with a reception given at the Planters' Hotel, Wednesday evening, June 6, having invited guests and registered delegates to the number of 8,000 in attendance. The big feature of the evening was the giving away of a carload of California fruits, wines, candies and various other products typical of the Southland. Music was furnished by Cook's Drum Corps of Denver, consisting of sixty pieces. The Los Angeles reception was easily the biggest thing pulled off at the convention by an outside club, and exceptional publicity was given to it by the St. Louis press.

Japanese Goods
THE NEW YAMATO, 635-637 S. B'dway.
Largest Japanese store on Coast. Complete line of Chinese and Japanese art goods.



BOOKLETS AND INFORMATION AT
SALT LAKE ROUTE OFFICES



Alfred Noyes, English poet whose "Open Boats" has just appeared from Frederick A. Stokes Press.

war—a fallacy which cost England and France thousands of lives illy to be spared, of the "business as usual" slogan; of the censorship of the press and the need for perfect understanding throughout the nation of the issues and the temporary exactions of the hour that rich man and poor man may join hands amicably, that capital and labor may recognize the other and be recognized in perfect justice. Any other basis of industrial adjustment must breed discontent and weakness he demonstrates by the experience of the Allies in allowing large profits to munition makers and coal mine owners while laborers in the plants and the shafts worked overtime and gained neither recognition nor higher remuneration for their greater efforts.

In recapitulation he outlines a program with the main points to be held in mind in procedure for mobilising of Army and Navy, shipyards and munition plants, finances and industrial forces, including food conservation, the establishment of an emergency non-partisan war cabinet and of training camps, with census work looking toward future conscription and this should result in one year in 500,000 men trained, equipped, officered with transports ready to transfer them to European battlefields.

"We have a reputation of Spread Eagle bombast to live down. It will be

June—
the month
of weddings
makes many
apparel de
mands -

- If you
put your
good dress
reputation
in our
hands - you
will find
us faithful
to the trust

Mullens & Bluett
Broadway at Sixth



Cheaters

By Pearl Rall

ALWAYS there is joy in the esthetic soul—and being such is not so lonely and coldly inane thing as many imagine—in a new and beautiful creation in art. And certainly "Supper for Two," the one-act playlet which Dorothy Shoemaker and her company bring to the Orpheum this week, comes under this category. For the sketch itself is compacted tragic suspense, exquisitely set and well enacted. Furthermore, it is generally appreciated by the audience.

The theme is not particularly new; since the idle sex, which must ever have been the restless sex, has always been seeking new sensations and there is none so new as the old one of tempting the dangers of illicit attraction of or for the opposite sex. The interest is developed artistically and cumulatively: one sees

tionalities and some exceptionally showy dances Walter as Tommy Atkins is presumed to have been adopted, after the latest fad, by Mary, a little French lady, who proves to be a former heartless sweetheart.

Marion Harris is not the usual syncopation type but she makes herself solid with the audience, not by her naughty little wiggle nor by her foolish little giggle but by her infectious good humor and odd togs and ways. Ted Boyle and Harry Brown are a precious pair who get over a lot of fun in song hits.

Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and the Denishawn dancers of the holdovers should be considered as a new number since there is an entire change of repertoire in their offering for the week. "The Lotus Bud," a fragment of fragrance and great beauty; a variation of the Greek fancy, depicting an artistic bit of co-



NAT GOODWIN AT ORPHEUM

in it but smarting substance; there is the meeting, in the expected absence of the husband, for a "Supper for Two," interrupted by the unexpected presence of that spouse and his artful lesson imparted to the foolish wife. Not a wild scene the ennuied wife attracted by a bubble, beautiful to look upon but with nothing but a shot, seemingly suicidal, in an adjoining room, drawing forth an exhibition of cowardice on the part of the philanderer, that stings the woman into realization of true values and her own danger. Tragedy would demand actual death, but comedy mitigates life and makes it livable—the husband survives to enjoy the benefit of his strategy from a properly repentant wife. Miss Shoemaker as the wife is a typical society parasite, delicate but useless as an individual and requiring much attention. She has supporting her Louis Leon Hall as the husband in the case and Edwin Brandt, a typical melodramatic villain in appearance, as the "other man." Livingston Platt is the designer of the settings which are rich, unusual and a lovely picture in themselves. Everything we have seen by this artist has been such as to awaken a desire for much more.

Another bit of scenic art, of poster character, is exhibited in "Behind the Front," in which Walter DeLeon and Mary Davies—better known to us locally as "Muggins"—make themselves immensely popular and are decidedly clever. As an excuse for several impersonations of the lovemaking by the various na-

quetry and several other dainty fancies, closing with the Indian bazar scene, make up the attractive group of dance conceptions with which these artists are finishing their season's engagement. Johnny Johnson and Bob Ilarty, the moon-faced comedians, Rosalind Coghlan in "Our Little Bride," and Andru Lewis and Helen Norton, in humorous dialogue, complete a varied and extra good bill.

William S. Hart enjoyed such an ovation at the re-opening of Clune's Auditorium last Monday night as to overwhelm any public personage with mingled feelings of happiness, embarrassment and pride. You see W. H. Clune had decided to introduce a new policy of presenting nationally famous stars in five-reel films at that great center of opera and screen attractions, together with attractive trimmings in the way of special music by a twenty piece symphony orchestra, with Carl Densmore Elinor directing and W. E. Strobbridge at the organ, and vocal selections by Miss Jessica Dixon, a local prima donna of charming personality and a most pleasing voice. And to give the venture the proper eclat in its opening Hart appeared, attended by a train of cowboy followers, his famous pinto pony Fritz, and his dog Rags, as a rival to his shadow, Jim Alton, the desert man, in the film of the same name. W. S. Hart won out hands down; and the immense auditorium was filled to the roof, so it was some triumph, long to be remem-

MASON OPERA HOUSE

WEEK BEGINNING JUNE 18

JOHN CORT'S SMASHING, LAUGHING MUSICAL HIT!
A Company of Seventy in

"THE MASKED MODEL"

A Jolly Mixture of Youth, Breeze, Color, and GIRLS!
Prices: Nights and Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50; Wed. Mat., Best Seats \$1.00.

MOROSCO

World's Greatest Stock Theater

Today 2:15 and 8:15 Last Times

"STOP THIEF"

Beginning Tomorrow Matinee, a New Leading Woman and a New Play.
For the First Time Anywhere

"TIGER'S CUB"

First appearance of Janet Dunbar. All the Morosco Favorites in the cast.
Mats. Sun., Thurs., Sat., 10 to 50c, Eves., 10 to 75c.

Orpheum

THE BEST OF VAUDEVILLE

Every Night at 8, 10-25-50-75c; boxes, \$1.00
Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c; boxes 75c.
Except Holiday Matinees.

The American Comedian, NAT C. GOODWIN, Stories and Recitations
MILLICENT MOWER, Song Bird; OLIVOTTI, MOFFETT & CLARE, Music and Dance; DeLEON & DAVIES, "Behind the Front;" DOROTHY SHOEMAKER & CO., "Supper for Two;" MARION HARRIS, Syncopation Star; BOYLE & BROWN, Breezy Bits.

New Comedy and Song, RAY COX, "Her First Horseback Riding"

CLUNE'S AUDITORIUM THEATRE

5th and Olive

Week of June 18 4 Times Daily—2, 3:30, 7:30, 9. Prices—15, 20 and 30 Cents.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

In His Newest Comedy Drama "WILD AND WOOLLY"
Symphony Orchestra of 20—\$30,000 Grand Organ—High Class Vocalist

MILLER'S THEATRE

June, Spring & Main at Ninth Fox features and comedies Prices 10-20-30c

Week Starting Sunday. William Fox Presents
GEORGE WALSH in "SOME BOY"

As "Joyous Johnson" easily proves he is not only a great actor but also the Screen's Foremost Athlete
Also: TOM MIX in two reels of daredevilry entitled "MOVIE STUNTS"

bered. There is a peculiar charm about this actor that is heightened by his plain straight-forwardness and almost timid response to the applauds of the crowd, and his manner of telling a story quite took every one by storm. As to the film, it is beautifully portrayed photographically and in all other respects. The story is virile and optimistic. Jim Alton, the desert man, who comes to the sleepy town of Broken Hope and through the magic of love for a bonny lassie and the strength and hopefulness of real manhood changes the place into Belevinville and wins the fair maid over heavy odds. It's a great big, popular theme. Buster Irving as Joey boy, and the dog Rags, and Walt Whitman as Jennie's father, Old Burns, are the other specially interesting individuals aside from Hart himself.

* * *

This has been a hilarious week at the Morosco for that lively farce, the liveliest of its ilk, namely, "Stop Thief," has been keeping both the actor folk and the audience busy. There can be but one objection to the farce, it is too exhausting. One needs a good rest after such a long stretch of laughing. Then, too, I discovered myself unconsciously searching my handbag upon leaving the house, for my purse, my kerchief, my vanity case and various small articles I had placed therein, having seen so many things disappear and re-appear in mysterious fashion on the stage before my very eyes. Bright particular stars of the performance were Richard Dix as the clever thief making a grand haul for his wedding day, Warner Baxter as James Cluney, the vapid English bridegroom suffering supposedly from kleptomaniac tendencies, and James Corrigan as the absent-minded prospective father-in-law also with a taint of kleptomania in his blood. Bertha Mann is hidden away in the somewhat inadequate role of Nell, accomplice in Richard's light-fingered art, but handles it with her usual versatility and charm.

* * *

Latest of the distinguished artistic additions to the local colony is Theodore Kosloff, the well-known Russian dancer, who has become interested in motion picture work and who, incidentally, will open a studio on St. Paul street.

"Electra" at Pomona

Euripides' "Electra," presented under the direction of Reginald Pole at Claremont, by students of Pomona College, last Saturday evening, was decidedly successful from an artistic viewpoint, the weak points in characterization being largely overcome by the beautiful ensemble effects. Mr. Pole's grouping of the chorus, composed of sixteen charming girls arrayed in white robes, was always accomplished to the advantage of the protagonists, so that the atmosphere was there without disturbing the leads. As the chorus formed and re-formed the tableaux were many and different, and the choral odes accompanied by the harp relieved the coldly classic tension of the tragic play. The pictures were brought out in graceful relief, like some rare old frieze, against the blackness of the trees which form a natural setting for the new Greek theater. The role of Electra, played by Miss Bess K. Frendendall, was interpreted intelligently and well, although perhaps her voice lacked carrying power and passion. Mr. Jack Loucks as Orestes played the tender, compassionate brother, yet all-avenging son of Agamemnon, and Miss Winifred Black, as Clytemnestra, seemed less haughty, less forbearing and designing, than some former impressions given of that erring queen. To Mr. Charles Brisco, the messenger of warning and good tidings, praise is due for his descriptive power, and the natural dramatic quality of voice, which he handled so well, as did also the heroes Castor and Polydeuces, portrayed by Mr. Edward Wenig and Mr. Alan Kingman. Yet through it all, and though the players spoke, they seemed moved by Chance or Fate, as indeed the dramatist intended they should; and if they had been dumb still would the story have been told by the bass-voiced whose deeper note sobbed a foreboding; by the cellos' passionate wailing; by the cymbals thrilling crashing; by the clarionets' brazen calling; by the horror of the drums; and the sad harp's complaining. It was Mr. Pole's music with its emotional appeal, that was the one warm colorful influence, after the fog drifted in to chill the bared feet of the chorus, and when the remorse of Orestes had given way to grief at parting.

ERMA TAGGART

AT THE PLAYHOUSES

AUDITORIUM—"Wild and Woolly"
MASON—"The Masked Model"
ORPHEUM—Nat Goodwin
MOROSCO—"Tiger's Cub"
MILLER'S—"Some Boy"

"Masked Model" at Mason

With a wealth of haunting melodies, dreamy waltzes, syncopated dances and rapid action, John Cort's up-to-the-minute musical comedy, "The Masked Model," will be the attraction at the Mason Opera House in the week commencing Monday, June 18, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. In the book by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, lyrics are by George F. Stoddard and Frederick Herendeen and the music by Harold Orlob and Carl Woess there is something quite different from the average musical comedy story. Mr. Haig amasses millions of dollars and the social ambition of Mrs. Haig entrances to the ultra fashionable world. A dainty young niece, Gloria Gray, however, proves the entering wedge and not the Haig millions. The romantic trend of the story is gained through Gloria's love for a typical young American and the efforts of Mrs. Haig to marry her to an Italian nobleman. The score has many really excellent numbers among which will be heard "The Girl That Wins My Heart," "Wonderful World," "Chat, Chat Chatter," "When Fortune Smiles," "The Road to the Girl You Love," "Meet Me in Havana," "When Hearts Beat in Time," "Fashion," "We Should Care," "Caravan Land," "Mioionettes," "Where Do They Come From," and "Little Women." Lew Hearn, Flavia Arcaro, Irene Audrey, Joseph Lertora, Roydon Keith, Roy Purviance, Edward Garvie, Thos. B. Handers, Arthur G. Millis, Edna Pendleton, Dale Turner, Desmond and Cebeallos, the famous whirlwind dancers, are in the cast.

Nat Goodwin at Orpheum

Nat C. Goodwin, foremost comedian of the American stage, whose career extends from variety through all forms of stage entertainment, to vaudeville of today, will be the unusual star offered by the Orpheum for the week beginning Monday matinee, June 18. Mr. Goodwin bowed to his first audience a generation ago, in the oldtime varieties, before vaudeville was known. In succession he played in extravaganza, comic opera, comedy, drama and tragedy, and now with the return to the stage of so distinguished a star, he makes his bow again in the same sort of entertainment wherein he first appeared, but in a refined form that has grown up, with him, through the years. Mr. Goodwin comes now not in play or sketch, but in reminiscent mood; he will tell some stories, do some recitations and imitations, and radiate humor through all of them, making his appearance a gleam of joy through the brief while he is before his audience. Mr. Goodwin has ripened into the greatest of American humorists, and his comedy has the refinement and beauty of mellow wine. It is announced that Mr. Goodwin is booked for only one week, but hopes are held that he may make a return trip within a brief while. With Mr. Goodwin on the bill is another distinguished star, Miss Ray Cox, an artiste who has not been here for four years. Miss Cox is a comedienne of parts; she will have some new songs of the up-to-date variety, and gowns to fit them, and she will extend her act into a little skit, "Her First Lesson in Horseback Riding," that is declared to be a big scream. She is a fit companion in ability to Mr. Goodwin and the bill gains by two such brilliant persons in one week. Millicent Mower is a tiny miss who sings in a way to make one predict her prima donna ability tomorrow; and Olivotti,

Moffett & Clare have a musical and dance act of a new sort.

"Tiger's Cub" at Morosco

Beginning with Sunday's matinee, the Morosco theater will offer two particularly pleasing features. The first will be an elaborate production of the remarkable Alaskan drama, "Tiger's Cub," which will be given its first presentation in the west at the Morosco theater. The second feature will be the first appearance with the Morosco Company of the celebrated actress, Janet Dunbar, who has been secured by Mr. Morosco as leading woman for the Morosco Company. Miss Dunbar is one of the most famous young actresses in America, and she has been featured in the leading roles of many of the big dramatic successes of the last four or five years. Her reputation as one of the country's most favored leading women, is known from coast to coast, and it is by remarkable bit of theatrical strategy that Mr. Morosco was enabled to secure the services of this actress for the Morosco Company. In addition to Miss Dunbar, the presentation of "Tiger's Cub" will be the occasion of the return to the Morosco cast of DeWitt C. Jennings.

Fairbanks at Clune's Auditorium

Little more need be said of next week's attraction at Clune's Auditorium than that Douglas Fairbanks is its star. The newest play of this nation-wide favorite, "Wild and Woolly," will receive its first western showing, for one week only, and at prices half that charged in some of the large cities. Fairbanks is seen as a city youth whose fancies of the wild and woolly west get the better of him. Heading straight for the plains, garbed as a cowboy, he has a series of typical Fairbanks experiences, provocative both of thrills and boisterous humor. He leaps into the saddle of a galloping horse, "bull-dogs" a steer, ropes cattle, bucks a broncho—and makes love.

"Some Boy" at Miller's

"Some Boy!" is Walsh's newest William Fox photoplay and will be shown at Miller's theater for a week starting Sunday. George is seen as Joyous Johnson and the picture stars with him in college. Because he disobeys his father's injunctions in regard to playing baseball he is expelled; whereupon he finds employment as publicity agent for a big summer hotel. Joyous in manner, joyous in disposition, joyous in every expression is this greatest of all athletic stars in this big new feature.

Never dodge behind any street car. Often there is another coming on the other track.

Better Safe Than Sorry

Los Angeles Railway



STRAWS

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Saturday, June 16th—

Straw Hat Day

Why, man, Summer's here and the mandate has gone forth that the "Old Faithful Felt" shall be relegated to obscurity.

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Los Angeles, or PACIFIC ELECTRIC STATION, PASADENA. GET ONE OF THE NEW FOLDERS

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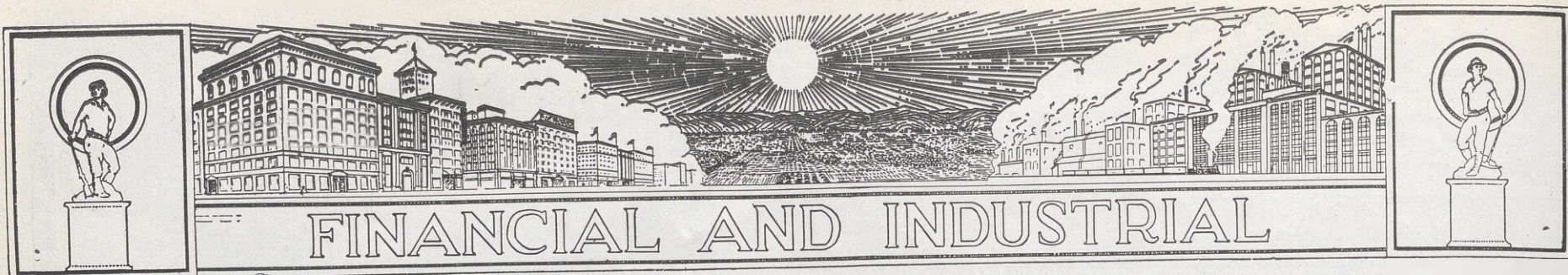
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HOTEL PURITAN—it makes the visit so delightful in every aspect. Stopping at THE PURITAN is in itself a pleasurable event that will linger long and fragrantly in your memory. Many globe-trotters have been good enough to say that THE PURITAN is one of the most homelike and attractive hotels at which they have ever stopped. We try to make it so. The rates, too, are just right. Write to me for hotel booklet and guide to Boston—also book of 30 Motor Trips around Boston.

L. A. COSTELLO, Manager





COMMENTS ON WAR TAXATION

By Otto H. Kahn

IN A TIME of patriotic exaltation and of universal obligation and readiness to make great sacrifices to bring a most just and righteous war to a successful conclusion, the voice of sober argument and matter of fact considerations is apt to grate upon the ears of the people.

That voice is all the less likely to be popular when the arguments it puts forth may easily lend themselves to the interpretation of being actuated by sordid care for selfish interests.

I am fully aware that by publishing the following observations I am exposing myself to that interpretation and to criticism of, and attack upon, my motives.

Yet, seeing that certain measures now under consideration threaten to take shape in a way which, from my practical business experience and after mature deliberation, I am bound to regard as faulty and as indeed harmful to the country I believe it to be right and proper to contribute my views to the public discussion of the subject, for whatever they may be worth.

I can only hope, then, that in what I am going to say I shall be given credit for endeavoring to speak conscientiously and to the best of my knowledge and judgment from the point of view of the welfare of the entire country and not of the welfare merely of the well-to-do.

I shall address myself to the practical aspect and to a few phases only of the question and shall not attempt to enter into the economic theories and the broader and deeper considerations involved.

I shall assume in my argument that what Congress is seeking to accomplish is to impose taxes justly, effectively and scientifically with the desire to disturb the country's trade and commerce as little as possible and to avoid as much as may be the evils of financial dislocation.

I shall take it for granted that at a time when more than ever the unity of the country should be emphasized, sectional selfishness will find no place in the taxation program, and that, should it be attempted nevertheless, the congressional delegations of the states which would be unjustly affected, would resist, regardless of party affiliations, harmful discrimination against their constituents and their states.

I shall assume that it is not the purpose and intent of Congress, under the guise of the necessities of the war situation, to embrace the doctrines of Socialism.

Our present economic system, our present method of wealth distribution may or may not stand in need of change; the fact remains that Congress has no mandate to effect a fundamental change.

The consequence of such a change would be so immensely far-reaching that no government has the right to sanction steps to bring it about until the subject has been fully discussed before the people in all its bearings and the people have pronounced judgment through a Presidential or other election.

I will first state what in my opinion ought not to be done:

I TAKE it that not many words need be used to expose the fallacy of the argument, heard even in the Halls of Congress: "If men are to be conscripted, wealth also must be conscripted."

Men will be conscripted to the extent that it is wise and just and needful. So, and no other, should wealth and the country's resources in general be conscripted.

And, are not the children of the well-to-do conscripted equally with the children of the poor?

Indeed, the proportion of the sons of the well-to-do on the actual fighting line is bound to be a predominating one, because vast numbers of wage workers in the industries and on the farms will necessarily have to be re-

tained at their accustomed vocations in order to maintain the output of our factories and farms.

Have the children of the well-to-do been backward in volunteering? Were they not, on the contrary, among the very first to offer to serve and to fight?

THERE appears to prevail among not a few people the strange delusion that America's entrance into the war was fomented by moneyed men, in part, at least, from the motive and for the purpose of gain.

Were there any such men, no public condemnation of them could be too severe, no punishment would be adequate. I am absolutely certain that no such hideous and dastardly calculation found lodgment in the brain of any American, rich or poor.

Moreover, is it not perfectly manifest that any rich man in his senses must have known that his selfish interest was best promoted by the continuance of the conditions of the last three years in which America furnished funds and supplies to Europe at huge profits, whilst our entering the war was bound to diminish those profits very largely (indeed, to eliminate some of them entirely), to interfere with business activity in many lines and to compel the imposition of heavy taxes on wealth?

It is to the credit of our rich men that, though fully realizing the extent of the monetary loss and sacrifices which war between this country and Germany must necessarily bring to them, there were but very few of them who supported the Peace-at-any-Price Party or favored the avoidance of America entering into the war when it had become plain that our participation in that war could not be avoided with honor and with a due regard for our duty to our own country, or to the cause of right and liberty throughout the world.

Yet, somehow, the pacifists seem to have singled out the rich as mainly responsible for the war.

It may be due, consciously or unconsciously, to a resulting feeling of resentment that the proposal to confiscate during the war all incomes beyond a certain figure is actively promoted by leading pacifists—a proposal based upon ignorance of, or disregard for, the laws of economics, teachings of history and practical considerations.

If any such scheme were to be adopted, the consequences to the country at large would be far more serious than to the victims of the proposed confiscation.

Capital would go into hiding. It might even take wing to other countries, for instance, to the country at our very door, Canada, where there is no Federal income tax at all and hardly any state income tax.

It would certainly cease flowing into constructive use and would instead confine itself largely to municipal, state and federal tax-exempt securities. Enterprise would be seriously hampered and in some respects brought to a standstill entirely.

Many thousands of workmen would be thrown out of employment. Many businesses and shops would close.

There would ensue, as a natural consequence and without any conscious determination, a nation-wide strike of constructive activity and enterprise in commerce and finance, because men will not look upon it as a "square deal" if they are to take all the risk and responsibility, all the hard work and ceaseless strain and care of business effort, whilst the government would needlessly take from them an unduly large share of the fruit of their labor, let alone all of it except an arbitrarily fixed sum.

I say "needlessly" because, were it really needed, business men would willingly sacrifice their entire income for the country's cause.

They would work for patriotism, without any recompense whatever, just as hard and harder than they do for gain or for ambition, if the occasion required it.

But, of course, everyone knows that nothing remotely approaching such dras-

tic taxation is required in this country.

It is absolutely right to proclaim and to enforce by legislation that no man, so far as it is possible to prevent it, shall make money out of a war in which his country is engaged, but there is all the difference in the world between that just and moral doctrine and between the unjust and immoral doctrine that no man shall be permitted to have more than an arbitrarily fixed income during a war.

If \$100,000 or any fixed sum is the limit of what may be permissible income during war time, why not by and by a lesser sum?

If the principle is once admitted, where will its application stop, even in time of peace?

Why is not the proposed plan, or anything in the nature of that plan, simply license for the unsuccessful to despoil the successful?

History shows more than one instance where this road inevitably leads to when once entered upon.

And who are our successful men? The vast majority of them are self-made men who started at the bottom of the ladder.

It is trite to say that inequality of results in human beings, as well as in inanimate things, is a law of nature. The capacity for creating, organizing, leading, etc., in short, the possession of those qualities of brain and disposition which beget success, is rare.

It is in the interest of the community, whilst carefully guarding and fostering the rights, the opportunities and the well-being of all of its members, to give liberal incentives to men possessing those gifts to put them to active and intensive use. It is hardly open to doubt that, generally speaking, the work of able men, engaged in serious and legitimate business (I am not speaking of gamblers and parasites), whilst naturally benefiting them, benefits the community a great deal more.

The income of hospitals, orphan asylums, institutions of learning and of art and many other altruistic enterprises depends largely upon the voluntary taxation, aggregating a great many millions annually, to which those men in America who have attained financial success have always willingly submitted themselves—more so, probably than in any other country.

Who is to take care of all of those institutions if extreme taxation compels the rich to cease their contributions?

THE arguments above set forth apply equally to the proposal of levying an income tax rising to an excessively high level as for instance, the suggested tax of fifty per cent. on incomes above \$500,000.

There, again, the test should be whether so radical a tax is wise and required by the necessities of the country.

The nations in Europe have been

fighting for nearly three years and have been under an infinitely greater financial strain than our country is or will be, yet none of these nations has resorted to extreme taxation of income.

Even in Great Britain, whose financial burden is the heaviest of all, whose debt is many times the total of ours and who has loaned about \$5,000,000,000 to her Allies, the income tax on maximum incomes is today no more than approximately forty per cent.

In the last budget, introduced a few weeks ago, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer declined, so I am informed, to consider an increase in the income tax rate, because of the damaging effect which such increase would have on the country's business.

In France and Germany the burden laid on incomes is much lower than in England. In Canada where war loans have been raised equivalent on the basis of comparative population to what would be more than \$10,000,000,000 for America, no Federal Income Tax exists at all.

I doubt whether this latter fact is generally known in this country and whether its significance is receiving the measure of serious consideration which it deserves.

I understand that it is the deliberate policy of the Dominion Government not to impose an income tax in order to attract capital to Canada.

There can be little question that if our income taxation is fixed at unduly and unnecessarily high rates, whilst Canada has no or only a very moderate income tax, men of enterprise will seek that country and there will be a large outflow to it of capital—a development which cannot be without effect upon our own prosperity, resources and economic power.

The financial dislocation, the discouragement and the apprehension caused by unduly heavy taxation of incomes will not only act as a drag on enterprise and constructive activity, but will make it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for corporations to sell securities in sufficient volume and thus to obtain adequate funds to conduct their business—especially also as investors will be fearful that high rates of taxation once established will not easily be reduced to normal levels, even when the present emergency is passed.

Extravagance, log-rolling, the unwise and inefficient expenditure of money by government bodies are among the besetting sins of democracy. The formula once found, the machinery once employed for the raising of huge revenues, are apt to make the way of wasteful governmental spending all too temptingly easy.

It must not be forgotten that taxation must necessarily by that much diminish the surplus income fund of the individual and that both theoretically and actually the spending of money by the government cannot and does not have the same effect upon the country's

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prosperity and enterprise as productive use of his surplus funds by the individual.

The sentimental, and thereby the actual, effect of extreme taxation will not be confined to the relatively small number of people in possession of very large incomes. The disturbance and fear caused by the contemplation of an excessively high ratio of taxation, even when applied to a relatively few, is bound to spread to those also of more moderate incomes.

Capital is proverbially timid. It will not take risks, except in the expectation of commensurate reward, and if it sees the danger of its reward being unduly infringed upon by taxation, it will anticipate that menace by withdrawing from the field of constructive investment to the greatest extent possible and find means to avoid the extreme rigor of taxation.

So much is this the case that I incline to the belief that taxation so graded as to result in a maximum total of say 33 1/3 per cent. would produce at least as great a revenue as a maximum of 50 per cent.

It is one of the oldest principles of taxation that an excessive impost destroys its own productivity.

The flood of securities which would be coming for sale in order to escape extreme income taxation would create a grave condition of demoralization in the investment markets of the country, with the resulting inevitable effect upon the country's general business, and upon its capacity to absorb government loans.

THE tax recently enacted by Congress imposing a burden of 8 per cent. on business profits over and above 8 per cent. on the capital employed, regardless of whether such profits have any relation to war conditions or not, is unscientific and unsound.

(Incidentally, it is a strange provision of that law that it applies only to co-partnerships and corporations, whilst an individual engaged in business, however profitable, is not taxed.)

It is unquestionably right and in accordance with both good morals and good economics, to prevent, so far as possible, the enrichment of business and business men through the calamity of war.

But the recently enacted so-called excess profit tax which it is now proposed to augment largely does not accomplish that. It taxes not merely the exceptional profit, i. e., the war profit. It lays a burden not on business due to war, but on all business.

It does this at a time when it is more than ever necessary that energy, enterprise, efficiency, the commercial and financial brain and work-power of the nation, be stimulated to their utmost in order to make good, so far as possible, the waste and destruction which go with war.

Any scheme of taxation which imposes an unnecessary burden upon commercial enterprise and thereby handicaps the nation in its business activities—especially in world competition with other nations—is unsound and bound to be gravely detrimental, both to the business men and still more to the wage-worker; in fact, to every element of the population.

It is worth noting that England, the conduct of whose finances, based upon the experience of many generations as the leading financial power has always been a model for other nations to follow, has imposed an excess profit tax on business during the war merely to the extent that such profits are attributable to the war, i. e., to the extent that they exceed the profits of normal years.

In principle, direct taxation of business activities should be avoided as much as possible, apart from a war profit excess tax.

Care should be taken lest the wealthy man least entitled to preferential consideration, i. e., he who neither works nor takes business risks or business responsibilities, be favored as against the man who put his brains, his capacities and his money to constructive use in active business.

The idle rich man, if he is so constituted that his conscience permits him to evade his share of monetary sacrifice, can put his money into tax-exempt securities. The man of means who toils in business or a profession must pay a heavy income tax, an excess profit tax, etc. To an extent this undesirable differentiation is probably unavoidable, but it is neither fair nor in the interest of the community that it be accentuated.

It seems to me so manifestly hard to require argument that a retroactive income tax, such as has been suggested, is wrong both in morals and in econ-

omics. If the foregoing reasoning is correct, these conclusions would seem to follow:

1. There ought to be a substantial and progressive increase in the rate of income taxation during the war, together probably with a lowering of the existing limit of income tax exemption. I believe that in practice the best result would be obtained if the maximum rate of taxation were not to exceed a scale producing a total of say 33 1/3 per cent., for the first year of the war.

A materially higher rate would not, in my opinion, yield a substantially higher aggregate of revenue to the government, while at the same time, if only for sentimental reasons, and even though only applied to very large incomes, it would be apt to cause financial dislocation and retard business activity and enterprise.

It would seem advisable that such portion of a person's income as is devoted to charitable and kindred purposes should be, if not entirely free from income tax, at least subject to a reduced tax only, so as to counteract the tendency which experience has shown to follow in the wake of heavy taxation, of greatly diminishing charitable contributions.

2. There ought to be an excess profit tax which might well be at a considerably higher rate than the present 8 per cent., or even the proposed 16 per cent., but it should only be applicable to the extent that business profits exceed the profits of say a certain average period before the war and thus may justly be held to be attributable to war conditions.

An offset which might be fixed at say 10 per cent. per annum ought to be allowed on all new capital invested in business since the beginning of the war.

I believe that as between the proposed 16 per cent. profit tax and an excess profit tax on the British model, at the rate of say twice that figure—to begin with—the general consensus of opinion would consider the latter as much the fairer, much the less cumbersome to handle and collect, and much the less hampering upon business activities. Yet, statistics seem to show that such an excess profit tax would bring in a far larger return than the proposed 16 per cent. profit tax. From figures which chill the spirit and lame the enterprise of the country is neither good politics nor good economics.

The present has its rights as well as the future. Sacrifices should be reasonably averaged. An annual sinking fund of 5 per cent. would extinguish the war debt in fifteen years.

5. Democratic England under two Prime Ministers belonging to the Liberal party has shown how huge amounts of increased revenue—much greater relatively and greater even absolutely than are required in this country during the first year of the war—can be obtained by taxation without undue dislocation of the existing economic structure and without banefully affecting the country's prosperity. While it would not do for us to follow the English method of taxation in all respects, it would seem the part of wisdom for us to profit from her successful experience. And I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous if I venture to suggest that it might not be amiss for our government in this connection to permit to the practical experience and judgment of business men some recognized scope in the deliberations, as I understand was freely done in England. I am entirely certain that the spokesmen for the business community would give their time, their best thought and their disinterested service to the task of co-operating in devising a wise and fair scheme of taxation as fully, readily and patriotically as they have done and are doing to the task of placing the Liberty Loan.

6. In determining upon the scheme and detail of taxation, it should be borne in mind that the intent of the proceedings is not punitive, neither is it to apply practical Socialism under the guise of war finance.

Taxation is a problem in mathematics and national economics. It cannot be tackled successfully by hit or miss method, or upon the impulse of the moment. It needs to be approached "sine ira et studio" if the best results are to be obtained for the country at large.

Congress and public opinion might well ponder the advice recently cabled here by one of the leading financial writers in England: "You should go slow in your tax plans. Too violent a financial dislocation would be caused, unless taxation is most judiciously and scientifically apportioned."

The desire to place the financial burden incident to war preponderantly

upon the wealthy is just and right, but even in doing things from entirely praiseworthy motives, it is well to remember the old French saying, that virtue is apt to be more dangerous than vice, because it is not subject to the restraint of conscience.

Since this article was published, I have received several letters stating that, owing to the excessively high cost of living and for other reasons, men of small means could not afford and should not be asked to bear additional taxation to any appreciable extent and that therefore the proposed vast increase in the income tax is a necessity. I fully agree with the premise, but not with the conclusion. Economics are stubborn things and cannot be successfully dealt with emotionally. I yield to no one in my sympathy for those who have to struggle to make both ends meet and in my desire to see their difficulties lightened. I quite agree that the financial burden of the war should be made to weigh as little as possible upon the shoulders of the poor and those of small means. Will a two-cent tax on checks be a burden upon the poor and those of small means? Will a five-cent tax on single purchases (excepting foodstuffs) of \$5? Will an excess-profit tax on the lines which I propose? The list of similar queries could easily be continued.

The present cost of living is undoubtedly alarmingly high. I believe this condition of affairs, to a certain extent at least, could be alleviated by appropriate measures and that every effort should be made to that end. But a huge increase in the income tax and unwise business taxation will not accomplish this. It will, in fact, rather accomplish the opposite, apart from lessening employment.

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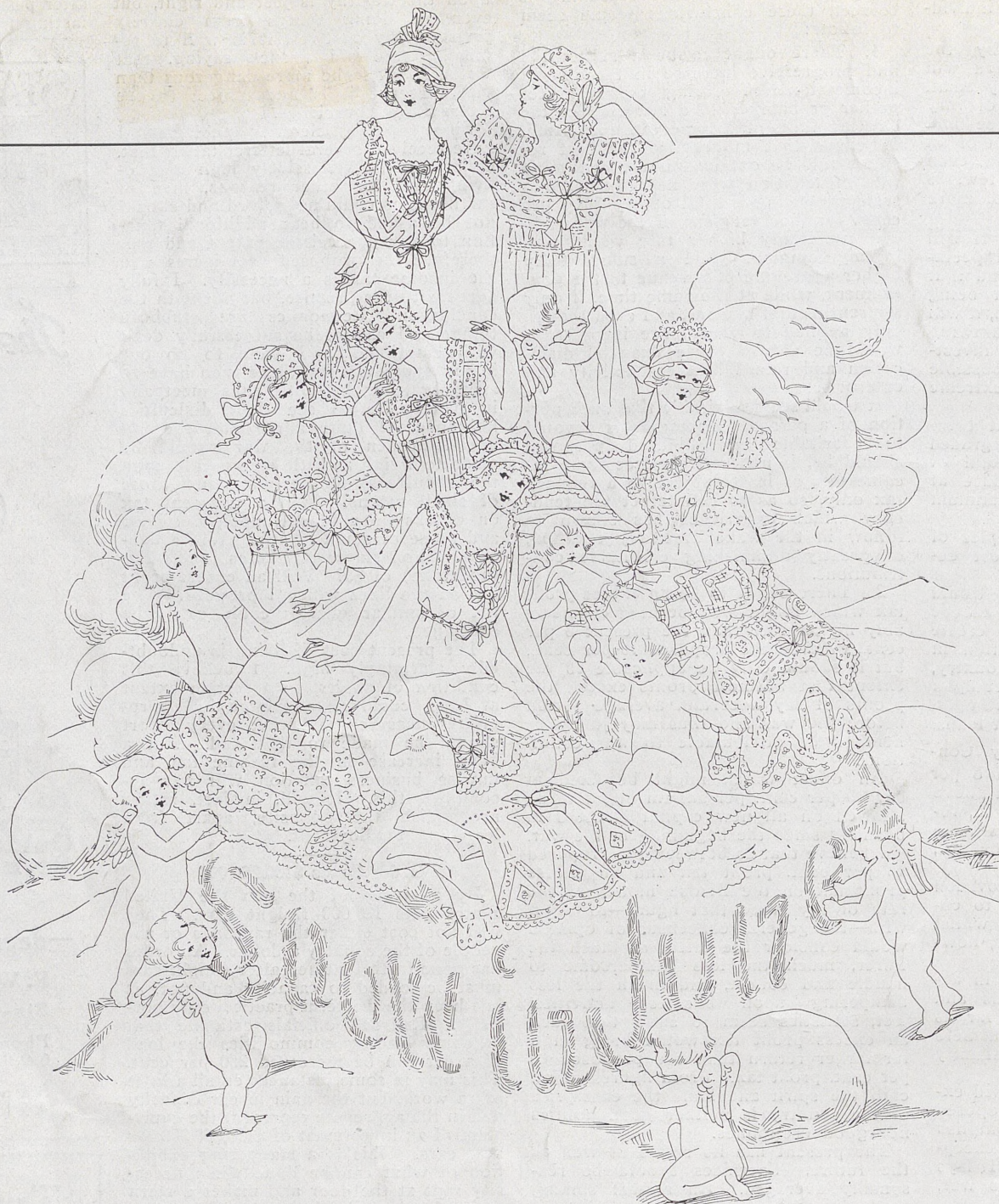
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